

Inked

CULTURE. STYLE. ART.

NY Ink's **MEGAN MASSACRE**

PLUS:

Jason Momoa
is Conan the
Barbarian

Adam Goldberg
Dazed and
Amused



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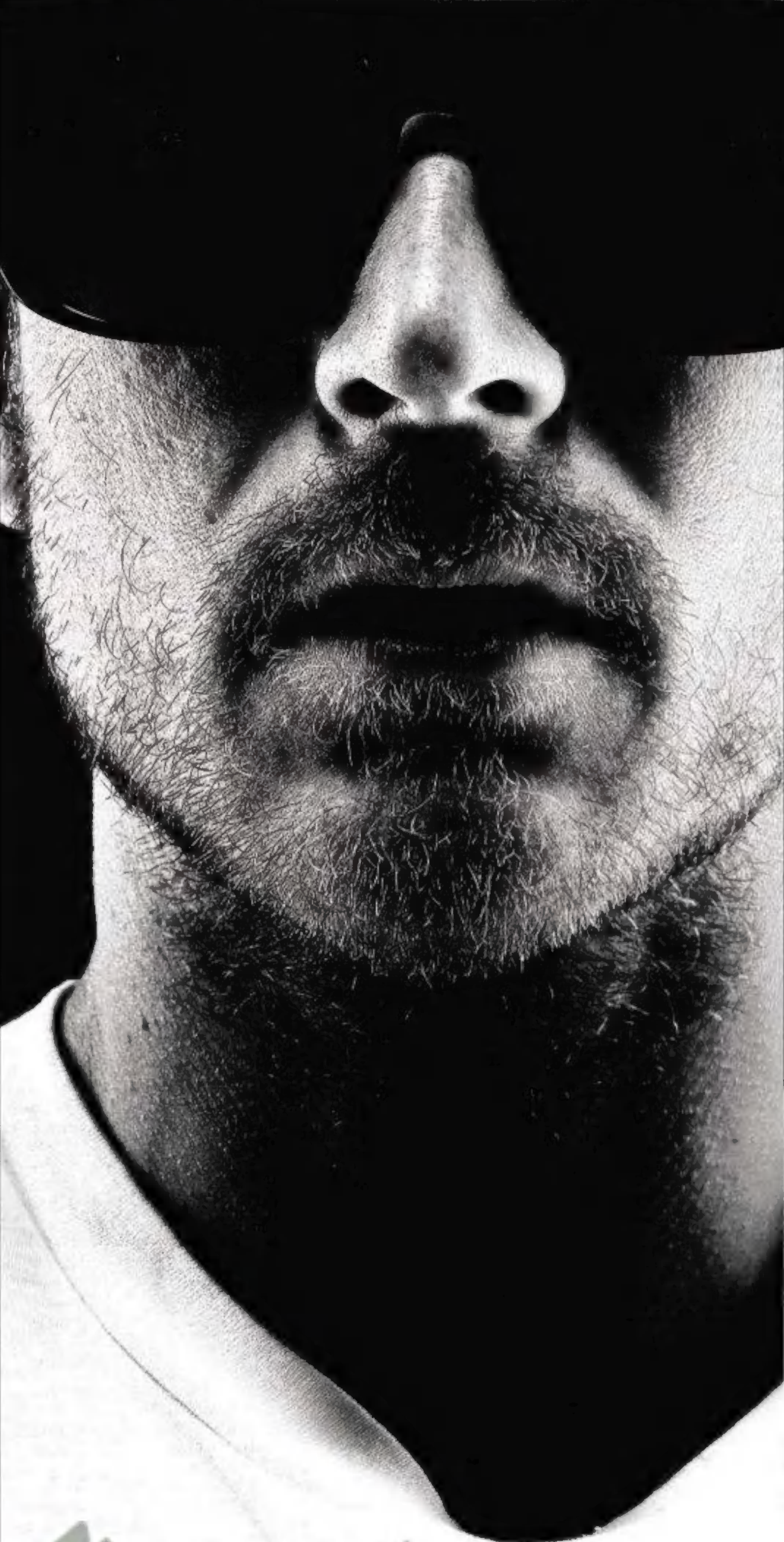
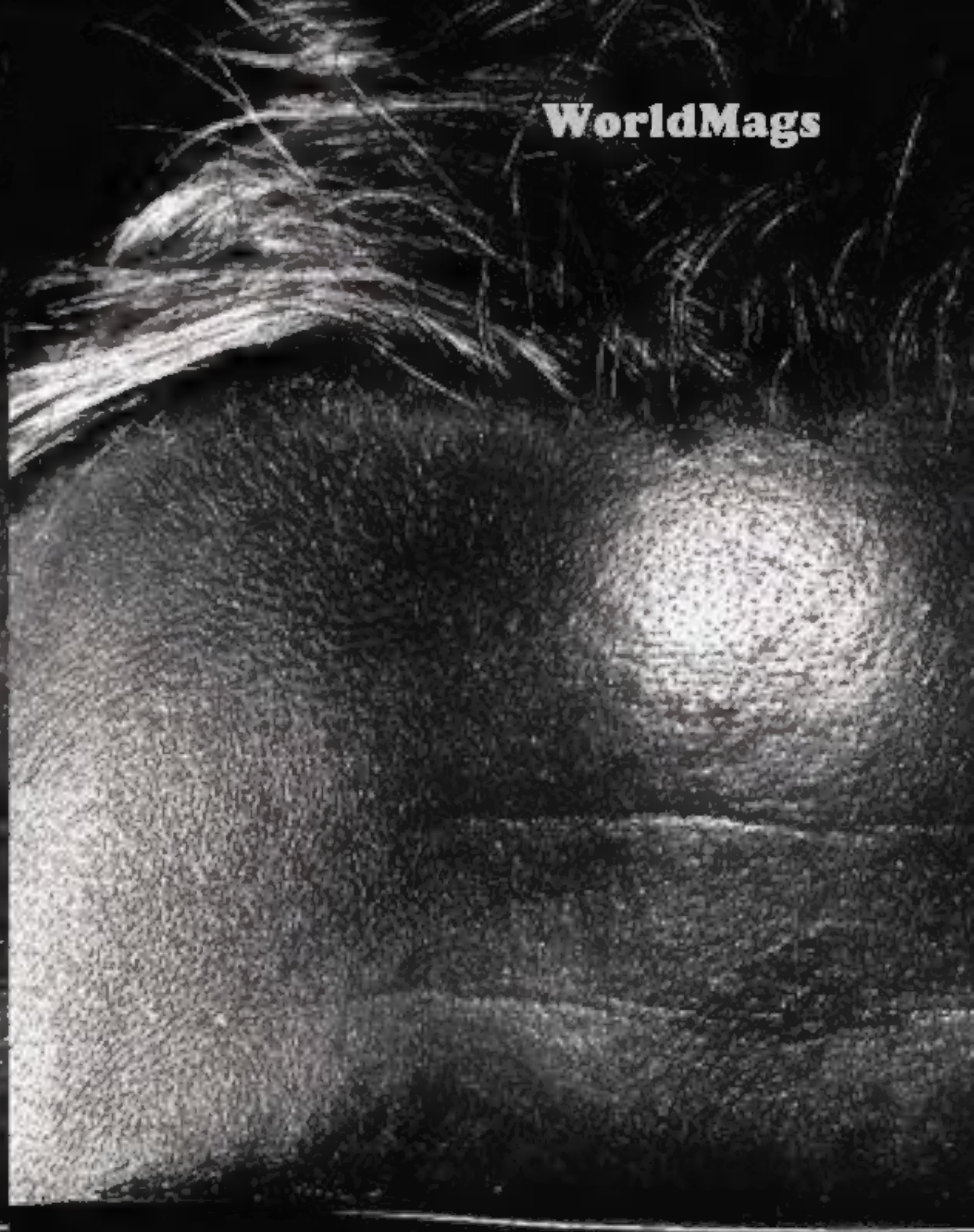
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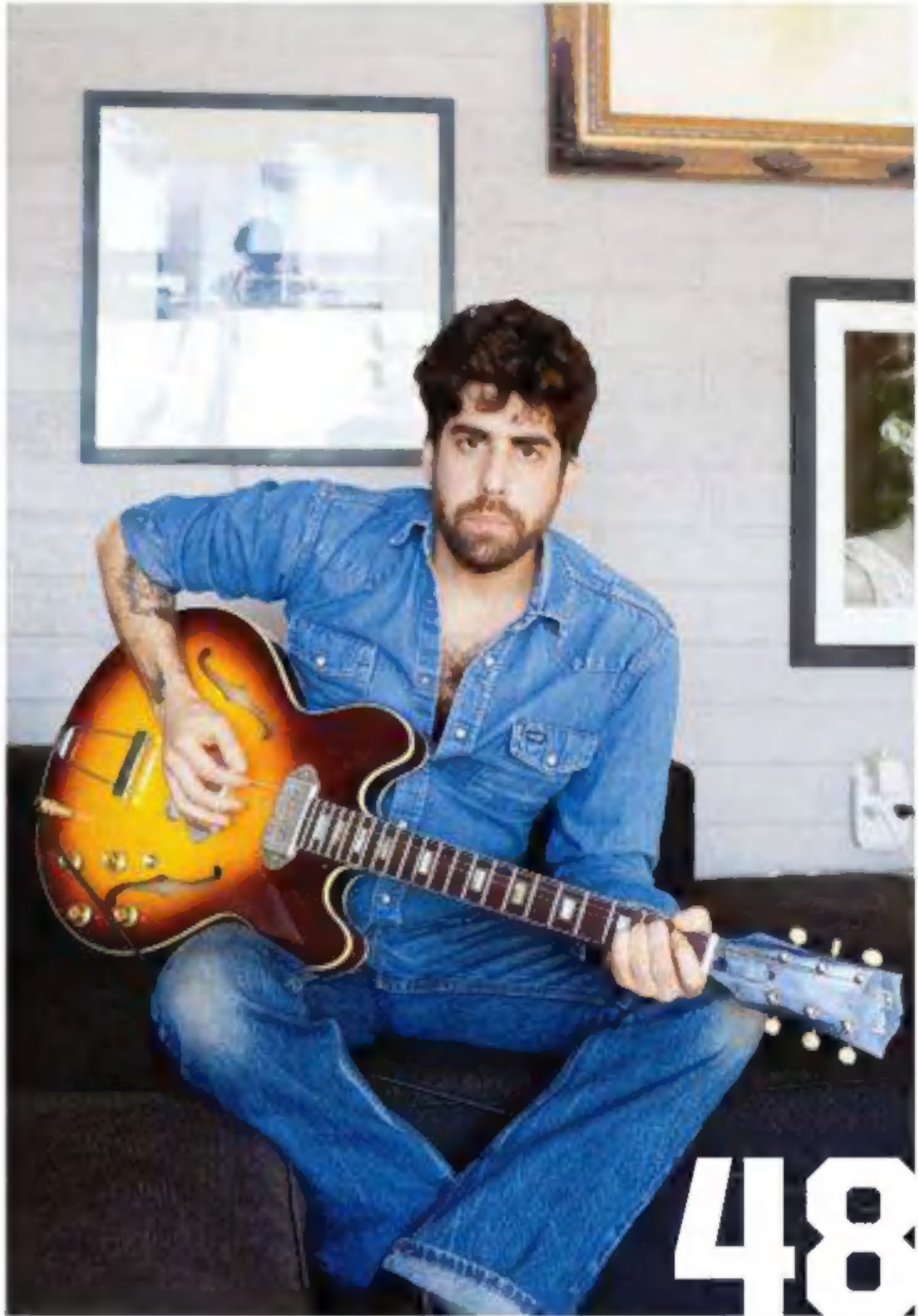


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On the cover: MEGAN MASSACRE; photo by WARWICK SAINT; stylist: XINA GIATAS; stylist assistant: MONICA KEATING; hair: KEVIN WOON for Woon Salon; makeup: HECTOR SIMANCAS for MAC Cosmetics at Factory Downtown; location: ROOT BROOKLYN; retouching: IMPACT DIGITAL. Occulter ring; Sex Trash by Stephanie Paterek studded bra; Maison Close underwear.

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Inked

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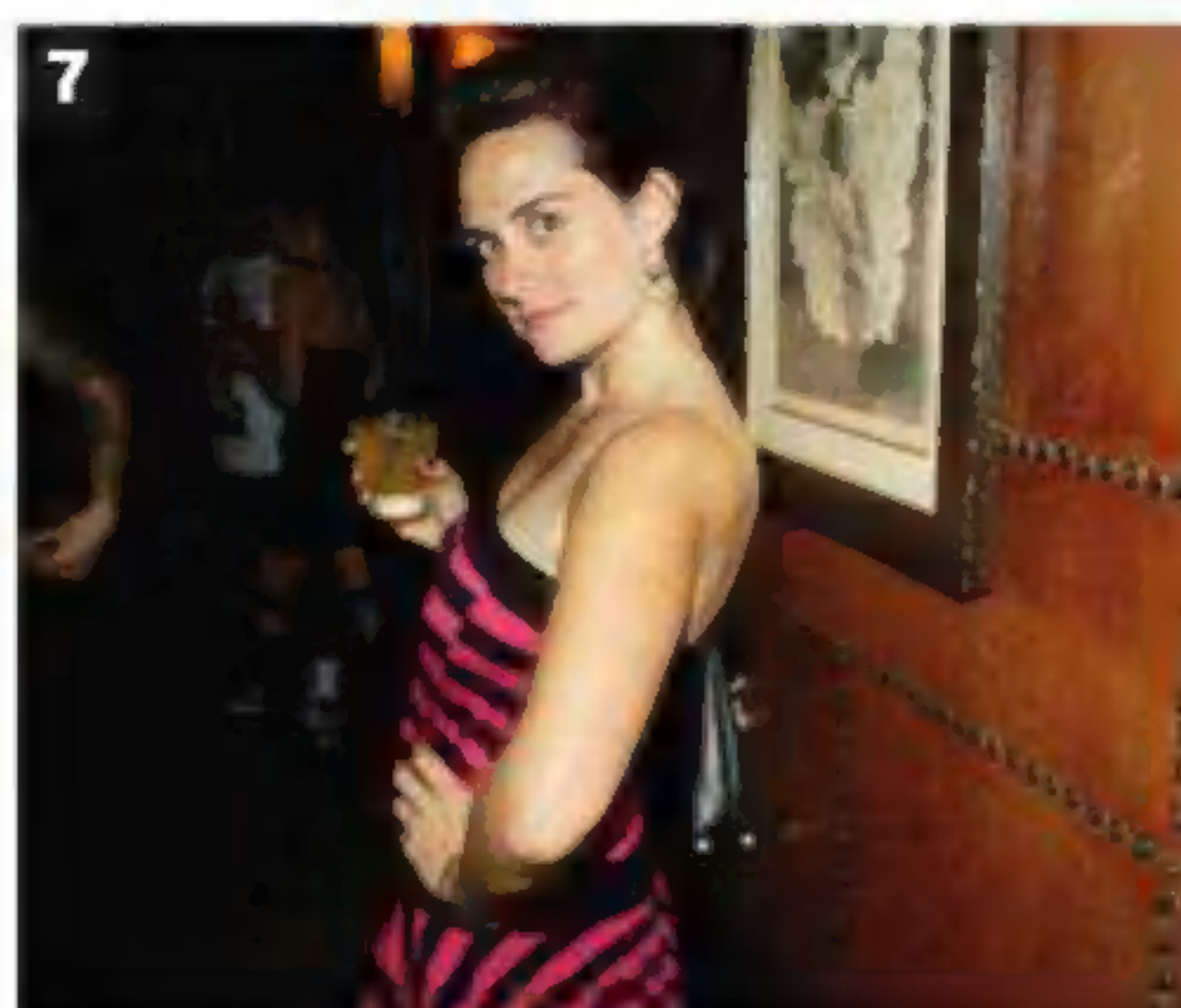
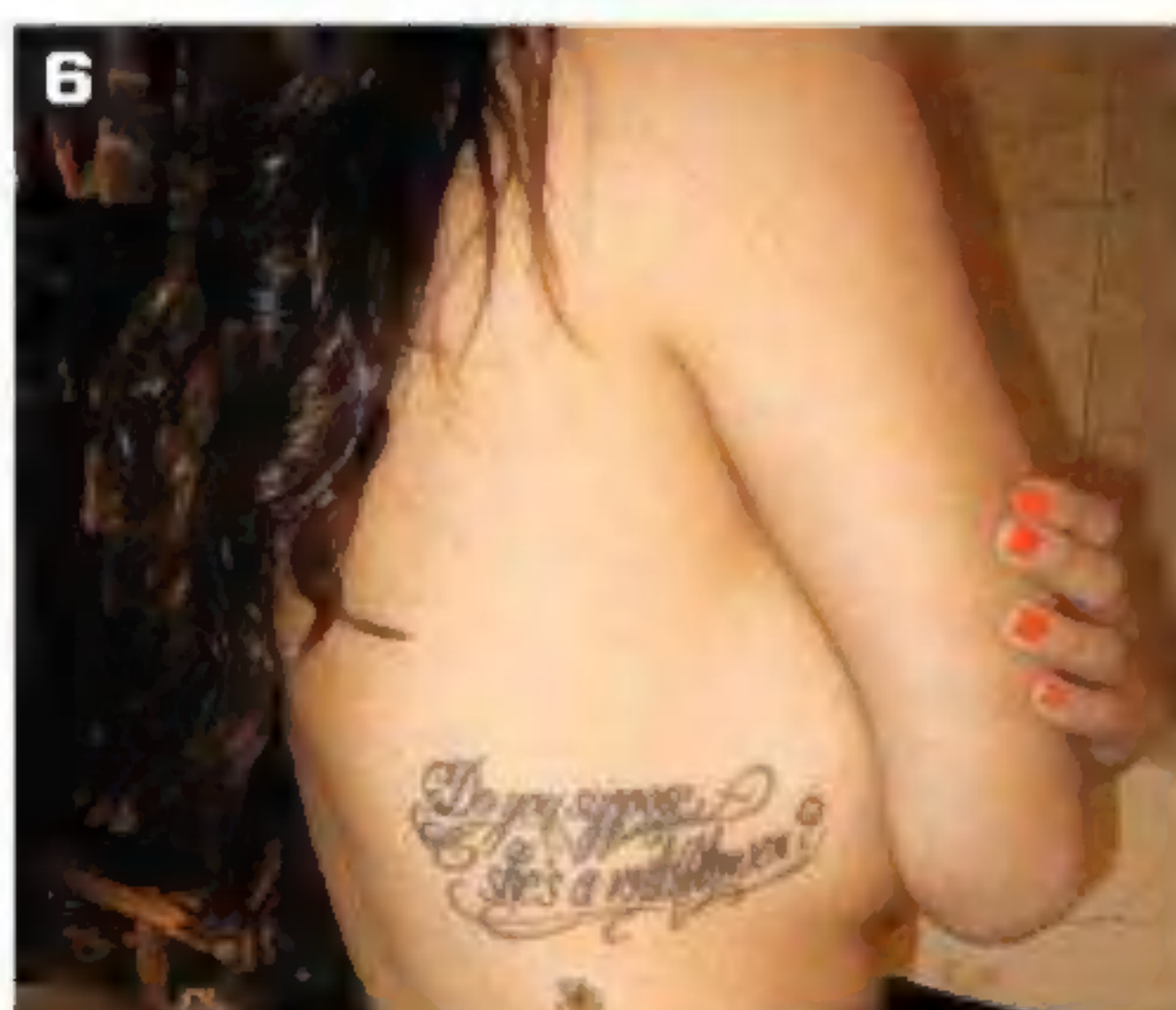
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2011

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ink well

A car gives you independence. When you got your driver's license it released you from relying on someone else to drive. It still does. A car lets you leave your bullshit and go wherever you damn please. Even if it's just driving to work, a vehicle gives you the ability to have a job that's farther than walking distance from your home. Some say that our country is dependent on oil, but it isn't; the country is dependent on freedom. This month we celebrate the freedom of the open road and the ability to tattoo whatever you want, wherever you want.

When we think cars and ink, Lowrider Tattoo Studios—a shop that has elevated its fine-line black-and-gray street tattooing—comes to mind. So we sent Adam Amengual (1) to shoot the guys there and then asked him to visit Ludo Lefebvre, who operates one of the most popular food trucks in the country. Erin Phraner (2) asked the chef about kitchen ink and life on the road. Then photographer Andrew Kuykendall (3) hit the highway in a Thunderbird to capture his road-tripping friends for our feature "Thunder Road." And another road warrior, drifter Ryan Tuerck, took lensman Tom Medvedich (4) for a thrill ride.

You've seen Adam Goldberg's (5) movies, but you have no idea what kind of journey he's been on until you read his story. Writer Brittany Ineson's (6) and *NY Ink*'s Megan Massacre's paths cross in the tattoo shop, and Rebecca Swanner (7) introduces you to Sonia Sanchez, a rocket scientist by day who's hell on (roller derby) wheels at night.

Wanna get away? Escape into our pages.

RR

Rocky Rakovic
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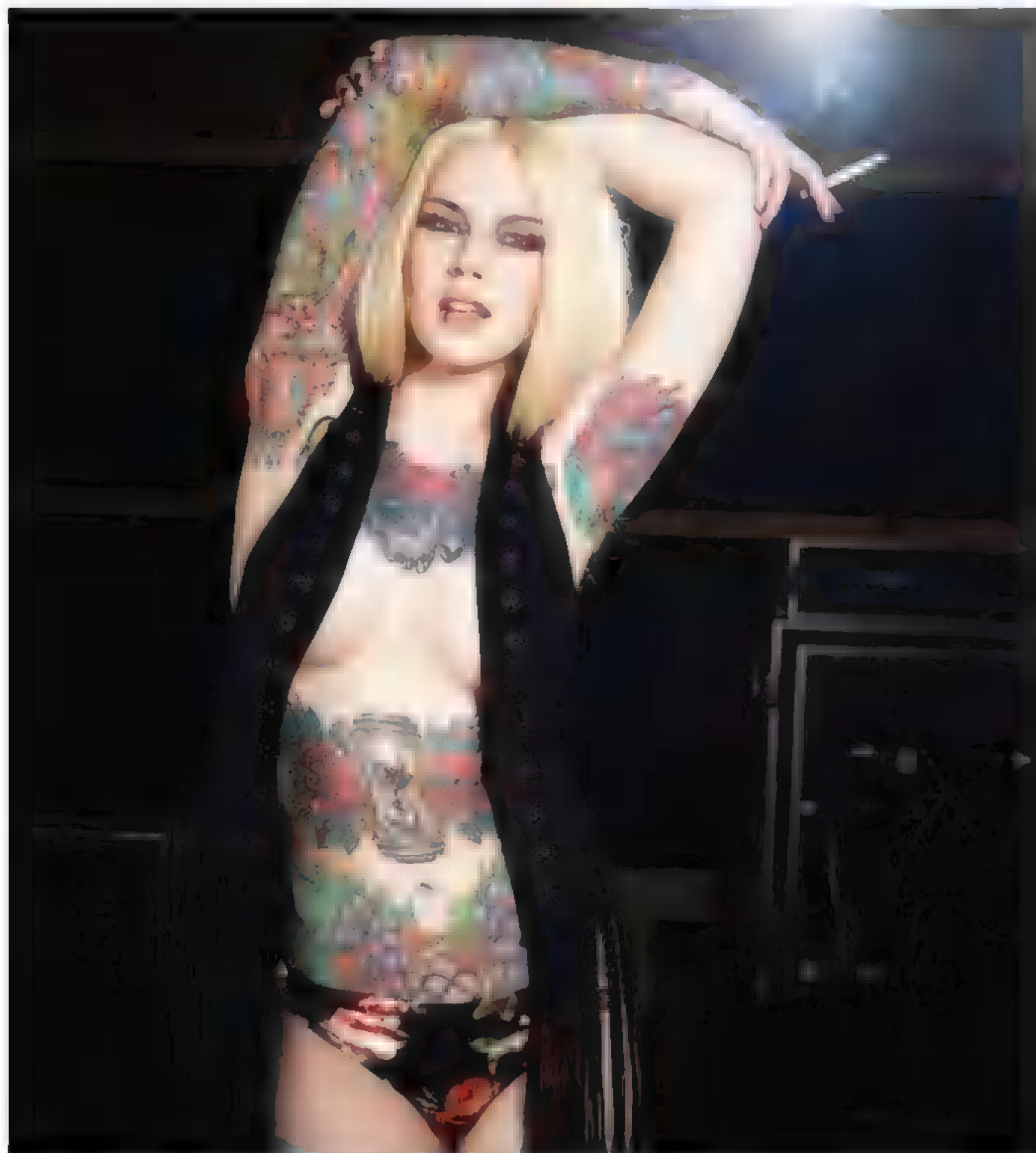
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RE: KAT VON D

Michael Chromecek Best photos!:)

RE: THE DAMNED THINGS

Nathaniel Bierton Sweet article :D

Cory Huff Hoff Awesome band!

RE: CHEF MICHAEL SYMON

Connie Chau Whenever he shows his tattoos on the Food Channel, he makes me salivate.

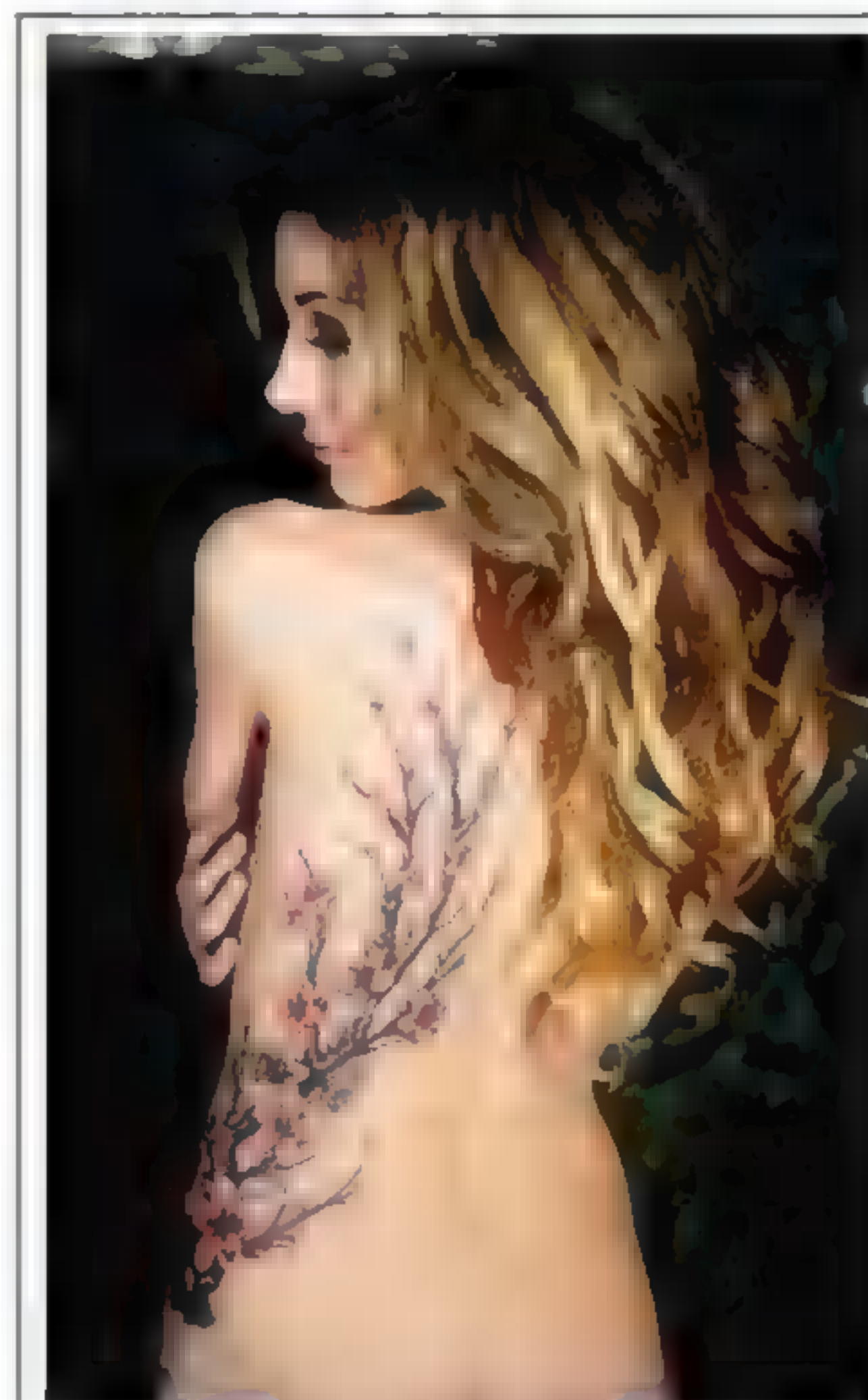
RE: NATASHIA KAI

Alen Evans goooooaaalllll.

RE: INKED GIRL EL WOOD

Elizabeth Putney Love a tattooed babe who's into gory comic books!

Hazelle Moscrop Her tats are some of the most beautiful I've ever seen. They suit her perfectly and she's stunning. Not to mention she's a bloody lovely person!



READER OF THE MONTH

KASSONDRA ACKERMAN
Riverside, California

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
E-mail photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

HOT OFF THE PRESSES

The June/July issue cover is so ridiculously hot I needed gloves to pick it up.

Gav
Omaha, NE

I'll be the first to admit that your covers are sometimes ahead of the pack on racy imagery, but I'll commend you all on your honesty and pride for the culture that is tattoos. Tattoos are probably one of the oldest and most sincere forms of self-expression, a fact that your magazine drives home in every issue. I'm always surprised at who and what you include in your issues, and I'll keep recommending you guys until Doomsday. So, though

sometimes I may blush a little at the fact that strangers assume I may be reading soft-core, I'm just as proud, if not more so, to be reading your mag.

Dtour
Ottawa, ON

SCENESTER

Where or how to start? I have been reading since 2008 and I love the quality of the mag, from music to artists and everything in between. But the part I enjoy the most is the INKED Scene section. Even though I'm more into traditional Chicano style or black-and-gray, I think you guys outdid yourselves with the Horiyoshi III interview. I think it is great that people get to know about an artist with such trajec-

tory. Keep up the great job!

Ernesto Lopez
Guadalajara, Mexico

SISTERLY LOVE

I am a subscriber to INKED Magazine (a gift from a friend), and before that I was a faithful buyer at the local Barnes & Nobles or Borders. I recently picked up the first issue of *Freshly Inked* and I am in love with your organization all over again. Of course I love tattoos

and I love magazines of all types, but the only tattoo magazines that I use as a reference guide more so than a view of pics are yours (both INKED and *Freshly Inked*). Kudos on printing "outside the box."

Yami

New York, NY

Editor's note: For more information on our Yami-approved high-gloss quarterly tattoo look book, visit freshlyinkedmag.com.



WRITE US. Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. **Also join the party at facebook.com/inkedmag.**

INKED LIFE

VIEW. PLAY. DRIVE.



HAIR: NOAH HATTON FOR CUTLER/REDKEN AT KRAMER + KRAMER; MAKEUP: HECTOR SIMANCAS FOR MAC COSMETICS AT FACTORY DOWNTOWN; LOCATION: ROOT BROOKLYN

MY FIRST INK

Name: Patriciana Tenicela

Occupation: retail sales associate

Hometown: Silver Spring, MD

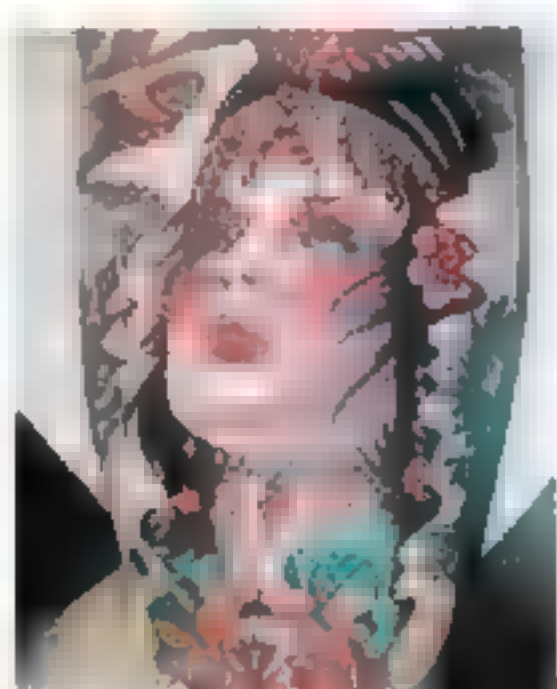
"My first tattoo is of a snake wrapped around a candy apple on my right side; it's my own modern take on Adam and Eve. It represents resisting temptation and staying poison-free. I want to be a good role model and show people you don't need to drink or do drugs to be cool or popular. I don't drink or do drugs, and it is a reminder to myself to stay true to that promise. I got it done at Ambrotos Tattoo in Silver Spring, MD. I want my next piece to be by Wesley Pastorfield of Orange Tattoo Company in Annapolis, MD."

PHOTO BY WARWICK SAINT



BUZZER BEATER

Before the horn on the NBA finals season blew—hell, before the season started—Jason Terry went under the buzz of a tattoo machine to get the NBA championship trophy inked on his biceps. “It will hurt worse if I have to take this thing off than it did putting it on,” he told Yahoo! Sports during the playoffs. Luckily for Terry, his underdog Dallas Mavericks bested LeBron James’s Miami Heat in the finals.



HOTBED OF CENTRAL AMERICAN TATTOOING?

It hasn’t been 20 years since the first tattoo shop opened in Costa Rica, but its tattoo scene is growing rapidly, and the country hosted its first tattoo convention this year. “Right now Costa Rica is the biggest [tattoo] scene in Central America,” reports native tattoo artist Hiram Cordero. While we can’t say for sure that Costa Rica is the center of Central American tattooing, it’s certainly worth a trip.

17%

The percentage of people with tattoos who have considered getting their artwork removed, according to the American Academy of Dermatology.



SPLIT DECISION

S. Victor Whitmill, the tattoo artist who gave Mike Tyson his notorious face tattoo, attempted to block the May release of *The Hangover Part II* because a “virtually exact reproduction” of the tattoo was featured in the film. (To help the plot of the flick, Stu Price, played by Ed Helms, wakes up hazy from a night of debauchery with it on his face.) U.S. District Judge Catherine D. Perry ruled against delaying the release of the movie, but Whitmill’s copyright infringement case against Warner Brothers still stands, and he may end up being awarded damages if the case goes to trial. Either way, the tattoo community will be watching this debate about whether the rights of the artist, as a copyright holder, extend to someone else’s skin.

JASON TERRY: NOAH GRAHAM/BAE/GETTY IMAGES; THE HANGOVER PART II: COURTESY WARNER BROS

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RUM WITH A VIEW

Alcohol transmits you to somewhere.

A sip of a Sazerac and you're on the crazy streets of New Orleans, a pint of Guinness and wherever you are feels like Ireland, a swill of Coors Light and you taste the Rockies—for better or worse. But what about rum? The stuff never really meant much to me; in the early days of college it was what girls drank. The dainty girls who couldn't stomach the taste of beer brought their own bottle of Parrot Bay or Malibu and juice to the keggers. Nobody with a Y chromosome touched a fruity rum drink, and so the only time I tasted rum was on the lips of one of those wonderful blond girls (I must have been extra charming that night; as you remember, they couldn't stand beer).

Anyway, I recently found myself at a tiki bar in Hawaii and figured if there were ever a place to drink rum, this would it. While trying to decipher the difference between a Blue Hawaiian, a Mai Tai, and a Zombie, I was not relishing the moment, but rather imagining a moment that would happen months later when I would trudge through the cold Northeast rain to a tiki bar, sip on a rum drink, and be brought right back to Hawaii.

But when I was handed my glass, after I took out the paper umbrella and the chunk of pineapple to take in the sugary elixir—boom: I was lifted out of Hawaii and put back at one of those college keggers. Paradise found. —Rocky Rakovic

COCKTAIL CONVERSATION

Ashley Miller, of Delilah's in Chicago, talks love of the sea and Sailor Jerry.

INKED: How would you describe Delilah's?

ASHLEY: Delilah's is a legendary punk rock, rock 'n' roll bar that has one of the largest beer and spirit selections around. We play music ranging from punk, ska, metal, psychobilly, country, and more. So, the crowd varies depending on the night.

You've got a cool tattoo motif. Thanks. Most of my tattoos are nautical-themed. I love scuba diving and being in the ocean, so I have a special affinity for those.

What do you think of Sailor Jerry? Norman Collins was a visionary and true independent spirit—basically a badass! I love his work. One of my first tattoos was a Sailor Jerry mermaid.

What do you think of Sailor Jerry rum? It's awesome! I don't like girly drinks, so the fact that it's strong and smooth is perfect. We drink it all the time when we barbecue in the yard.

Would you consider Chicago a rum town? Chicago is a drinking town. I think there's a perfect rum recipe for every season, whether it's mixed with hot apple cider or lemonade and iced tea.



DARK AND STORMY

2 oz Gosling's Black Seal Rum
8 oz ginger beer (not ginger ale)
Pour rum over ice in collins glass, add ginger beer, drink up.



ASHLEY'S FAVORITE: BACKYARD TEA

2 oz Sailor Jerry Rum
2 oz fresh lemonade
1 oz iced tea
Pour all the ingredients over ice in a collins glass, stir, and enjoy.



WELL-FASHIONED

2 ½ oz Zacapa rum
½ oz simple syrup
Orange bitters
Maraschino cherry
Pour Zacapa and simple syrup into a rocks glass with ice. Add a dash of bitters to taste, pop in the cherry, and feel free to mash it between sips.



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INKER

Comic book guy Jim Mahfood has found a new vehicle for his amazing art.



Clockwise from top left: *Cupid's Death*; *Pop Life*; portrait of Jim Mahfood; *The Temples of Boom*.



"I was a hard-core fanboy collector as a kid," St. Louis-born, Los Angeles-based artist John Mahfood (a.k.a. Food One) explains. "I read comic books and that was kind of my introduction to art." By 15, Mahfood was already pursuing a career in comics and mastering his signature look, which is heavily influenced by graffiti street art and underground hip-hop culture.

A full-time freelancer for more than 14 years, Mahfood is one of the top comic book artists. The 36-year-old has worked for Marvel Comics (*Spider-Man*, *X-Men*), DC Comics (*Batman*), Oni Press (illustrating two comic books based on Kevin Smith's movie *Clerks*), Comedy Central, *Colt 45*, *Mad Magazine*, *Playboy*, *Spin*, Cartoon Network, Disney ... the list goes on. "It was cool—I was able to work professionally in comics and then that sort of turned into working in advertising, illustration for magazines, album covers, and eventually gallery shows and live art in nightclubs."

The past several months have been gangbusters. Bob Marley's label, Tuff Gong, hired Mahfood to serve as art director for Ziggy Marley's graphic novel *Marijuanaman* (released on 4/20), and NBC had him do a comic

book for the first-season DVD set of its sitcom *Community*.

Nissan also tapped him for a recent advertising and marketing project for its new coupe, Juke. Along with two other artists, Mahfood provided artwork for three custom car wraps. "They just really let us do our thing—very minimal revisions, not really any major changes," Mahfood says of the artwork he made for Nissan, which was also used as part of an online contest that allowed people to create their own art. "They had me change a couple of things, but what you see is basically what I did uninhibited."

Mahfood's skin is like his recent projects: inked and loud. Most of his tattoos pay homage to his favorite artists, including Jean-Michel Basquiat icons, like the crown and copyright symbol, and Keith Haring's barking dog. On Mahfood's arms, he has octopus tentacles holding spray-paint cans and a collage of robots, samurai, a ghetto blaster, and "a bunch of weird designy stuff."

"I like the stuff that's graphic but also rooted in graffiti and painting," Mahfood says. "It seems like everything's crossing over into each other." —Kara Pound

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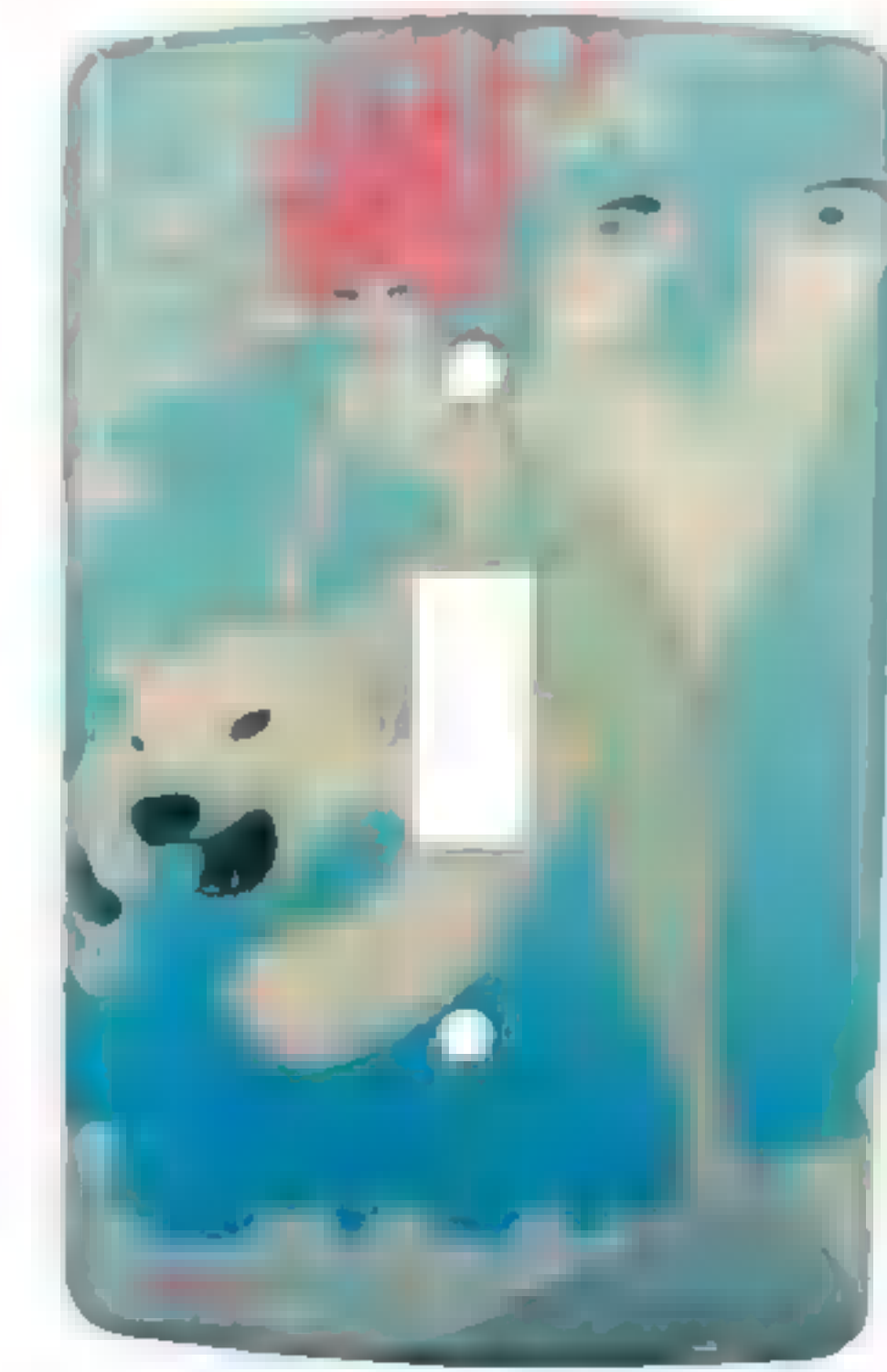
BEER BACK

Batman lunch boxes are cool, but they suck at keeping a six-pack cold. Enter Burton's Beeracuda (\$20, burton.com), which fits five cans in the sling and one in the holder.



ROLLING ON 20S

This little rascal is the Cannondale Hooligan 3 (\$999, cannondale.com), which features 20-inch wheels, a lefty fork, and an overall lightweight but durable design that is good for hopping curbs and hoisting up to your four-story walk-up.



SWITCH IT UP

Do you ever dream of a topless mermaid riding a polar bear? You will now, thanks to Tara McPherson's Art Switch switch plate (\$14, theloyalsubjects.com).

CENTRAL BOOKING

Few works of art have inspired as many tattoos as Hokusai's *The Great Wave of Kanagawa*. The woodblock print also dawned on designer Kozyndan, who created this Uprisings bookend (\$75, neatoshop.com) in its image.



COVERED WAGON

In the graffiti world, TOYS means "Tag Over Your Shit"—your piece isn't good enough. However, this Tag Your Own Box Truck (\$20, tyotoys.com), a blank 8-inch toy truck, is yours to spray and display. Then, if you are feeling frisky, steal your uncle's train set and do a burner.



ogabel.com

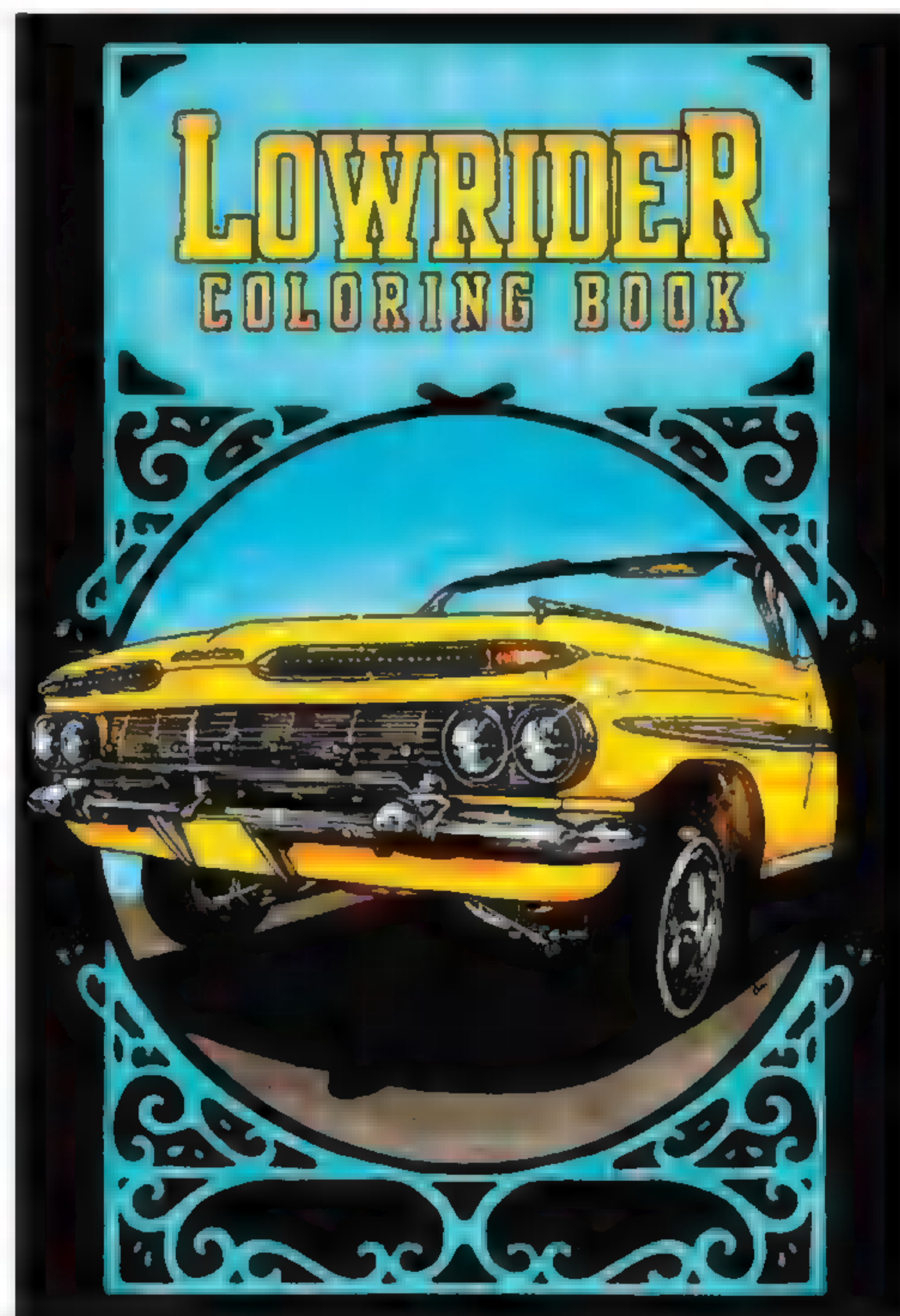
TATTOO TIME

Italian tattoo artist Amanda Toy decked out three watches for Timex 80. Our favorite of her designs is this timepiece with the sweet sugar skulls (\$139, timex80.com).



DETAIL SOME WHIPS

With little means and a lot of creativity, the Chicano culture created the lowrider. It took used cars, dropped them, and painted them in vibrant colors. Bring life to dozens of rides in the Lowrider Coloring Book (\$10, amazon.com).



NUM NUM

This tube of black magic is Morphine Lips (\$19.50, morphinelips.com), a lip balm that includes the numbing agent Benzocaine. Kiss someone while wearing it and you'll make your partner tingle.



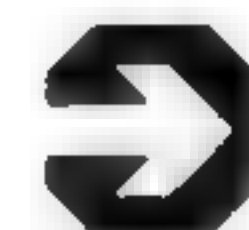
WALL RIDE



Your skateboard is your trusty steed until you snap it on a rail. Artist Alex Trochut and design house Apparatu thought of other ways skateboards could die and made them into ceramic design pieces such as this melted deck for their Skate Fails collection (prices upon request, apparatu.com).

NO STANDING

There are (at least) two things we won't do: refer to a guy's space as a "man cave" and put Ikea furniture in our guy's space. Instead we have these JC & Tim chairs fashioned out of old street signs (prices upon request, jcandtim.com).





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INK ON THE STREET

WHO: Greg Goldman

SPOTTED AT: Flatiron District, New York City

WHERE HE GETS TATTOOED: My favorite ink is the Polynesian-style tattoo on my lower right arm designed by Momy from No Ka Oi Tiki Tattoo in South Philly. His ability to freehand the tattoo on my arm, the tight line work, and the intricate details are sick. I choose this style of ink because of the complex geometry and clean lines. There is a balance to the patterning that enhances the curves of the arm, which I really like.

WHAT HE'S WEARING: Psycho Bunny polo shirt (\$95, psycho-bunny.com)

BRAND BACKSTORY: Robert Godley and Robert Goldman founded Psycho Bunny five years ago, initially hand-making neckties in the U.S. with silk spun in a 270-year-old English mill. Since then, they've expanded to make all forms of classic gear with a modern spin, from merino sweaters to polo shirts—all with their almost irreverent crazy rabbit head placed where the stodgy crocodile and polo rider have collected dust for years.

WHAT ELSE HE'S WEARING: All Saints boots; Nixon watch; Citizens of Humanity jeans



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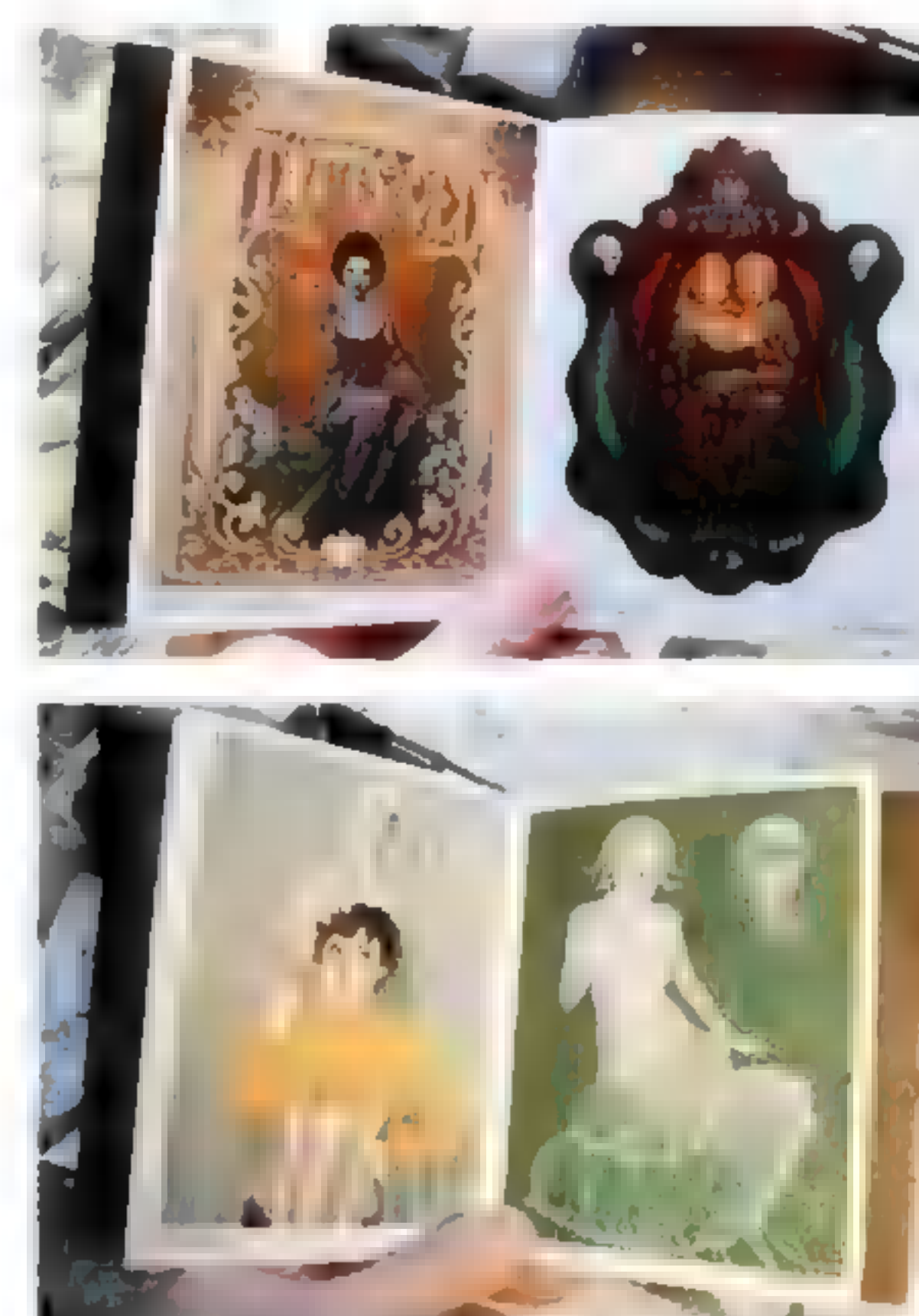
ONE (VERY IMPORTANT) MAN'S ORAL HISTORY OF TATTOOING

The Moskowitz clan colored New York City like no other through tattooing and chasing ne'er-do-wells out of their shops with hammers. During their heyday, which began in the '40s and carried on through the period when tattooing was illegal in Gotham, there was no other family as important to skin art as they were. And as the greatest generation dies off, so do their stories. Luckily, before cancer beat Walter Moskowitz, he and his son Doug spent hours sitting and talking about the good, the bad, and the ugly for *The Last of the Bowery Scab Merchants*, an audio

documentary and accompanying booklet. Walter takes readers through police raids in the Bowery neighborhood (a place, he notes, where black eyes were so common that barbershops advertised treatments for them) and explains his belief that rock music brought tattoos to the masses. In the link between modern tattooing and the past, there hasn't been much more than books of flash art—until now. *The Last of the Bowery Scab Merchants* is a riveting piece of history that might inspire you to press Pause and go call your grandfather. —Robert McCormick



BOOK



ATLAS HUGGED ME

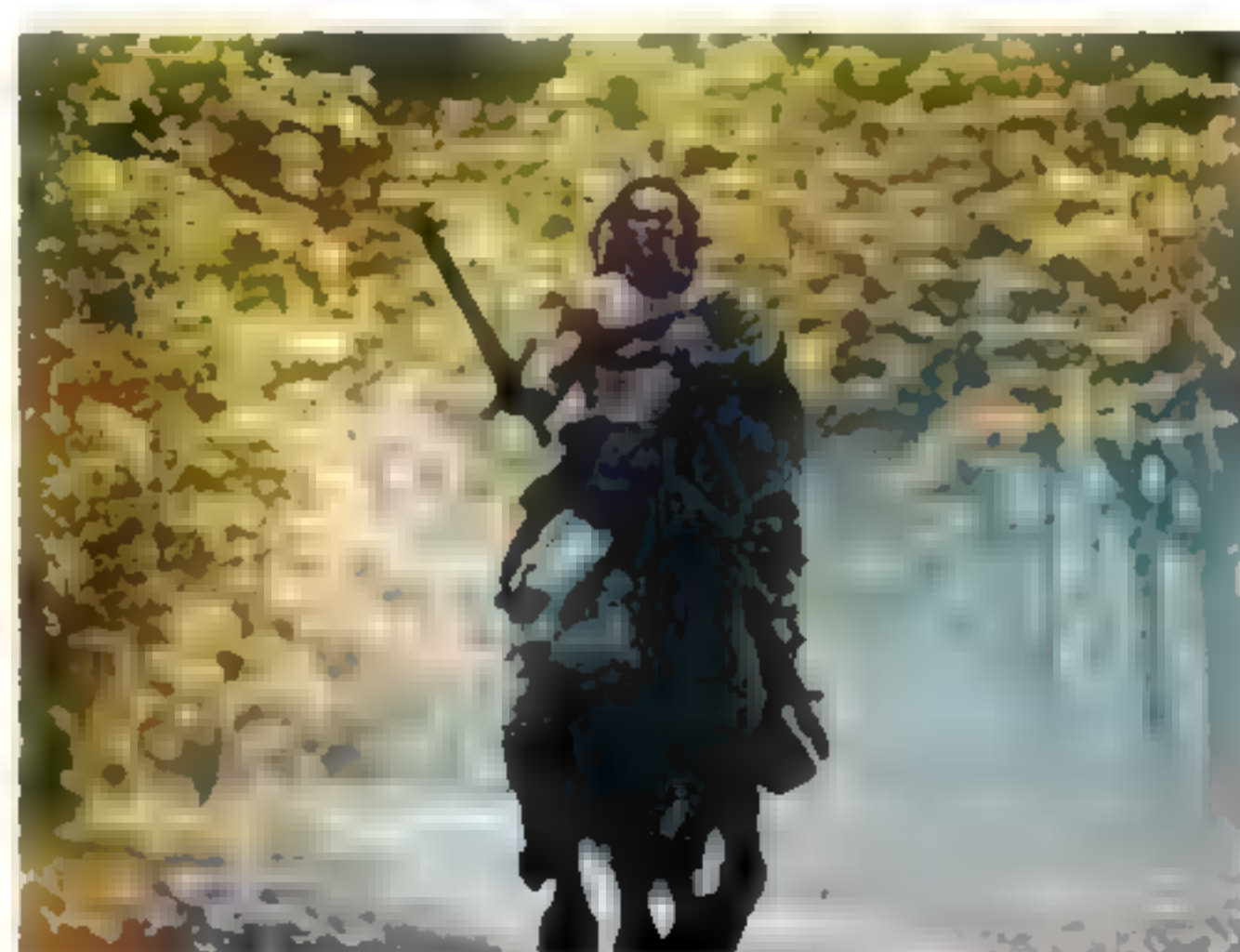
I am one of the dozens who laments Kindles and iPads. I like books; I like their smell; I like how each feels unique in the hand; I like the way they color my apartment when sitting on my shelf. Isaac Bidwell, the editor of *Atlas II*, feels the same way. He collected the work of 21 artists across 10 countries and hand-bound them in a quaint but impressive volume. —Rocky Rakovic

MOVIES



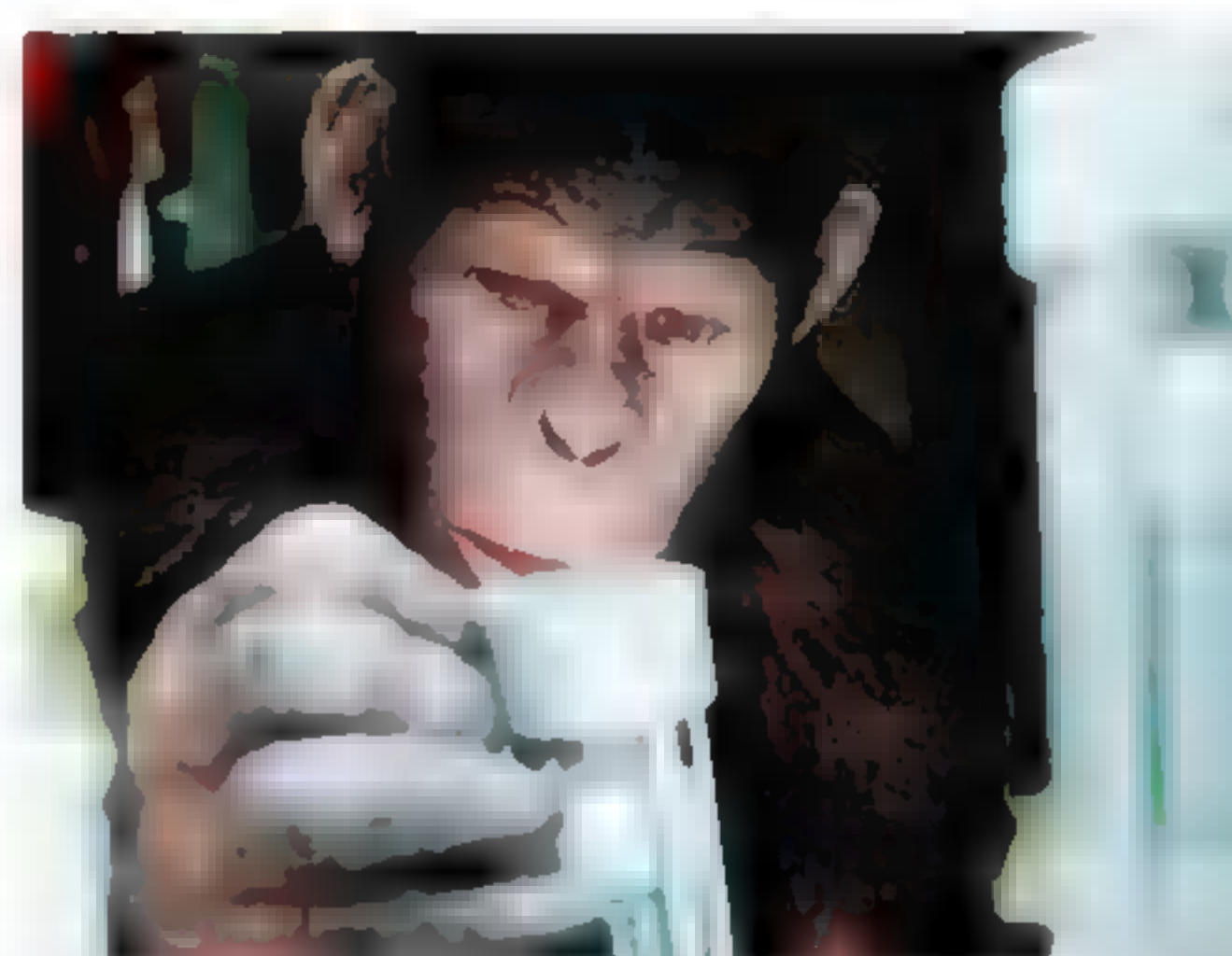
FRIGHT NIGHT

Another '80s revamp—this time the comedy-horror vampire cult classic *Fright Night*. Charley Brewster (Anton Yelchin) has a new neighbor, charismatic ladies' man Jerry (Colin Farrell). After witnessing some suspicious activity, he realizes Jerry is a vampire. Unable to convince anyone else, Charley has to find a way to get rid of the bloodsucker himself. Colin Farrell is pitch-perfect casting, but Christopher Mintz-Plasse (playing "Evil" Ed) and David Tennant (playing Peter Vincent) have some major shoes to fill. —Gilbert Macias



CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Jason Momoa steps into one of the roles that kick-started the career of the Sperminator, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Starring alongside Momoa are Rachel Nichols (not the ESPN chick), Stephen Lang, Rose McGowan, and Ron Perlman. With Marcus Nispel (*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Friday the 13th* remakes) behind the lens, this film is going to look very pretty and be heavy with blood and gore. The story is also expected to be more faithful to the mythology and original works of Robert E. Howard. —G.M.



RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

This is a prequel that explores how the monkey madness began. Will Rodman (James Franco) is a scientist whose experiments lead to the intelligence of apes, and Caesar, the lead ape of the film, is played by Andy Serkis via motion capture technology. Weta Digital, the Oscar-winning wizards behind the effects for *Avatar* and *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, are handling the visuals, so we're in for some dazzling effects. Hopefully this reboot will wipe our minds clean of experimental misfire from Tim Burton. —G.M.

DVD



NEO-TRADITIONAL TATTOOING WITH LINK BOSSMAN

When I was told about *The Gnomon Workshop Professional Training for Tattoo Artists DVD* series, I figured it was for rubes and noobs, but *Tattooing for Dummies* it is not. The volumes show advanced technical tips from master tattooists like Nikko Hurtado and Joe Capobianco (on how to do pinup girls, of course). Good instruction doesn't come cheap, though: The DVDs cost \$99 a pop. Consider it the price of apprenticing for a couple of hours minus taking out the trash. —Anja Cadlek

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VIDEO GAMES


NCAA FOOTBALL 12

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360, IPHONE

With the pending NFL season facing a fourth and long from a stuffy courtroom, college pigskin will continue to satiate millions of football-starved fans. Thanks to major improvements, such as a momentum-based tackling system, new zone defense logic, and custom playbooks, NCAA 12 takes advantage of its moment under the bright lights. The revamped Road to Glory mode lets you relive your final year of high school to bask in the full recruiting experience, and wannabe Joe Paternos can work their way up from coordinator to head coach in the Dynasty mode's new Coaching Carousel feature. Best of all, you can swap teams and change the name of any conference in the league. First order of business? Getting rid of the ridiculous Big 10 Legends and Leaders division names. **Play If You Like:** NCAA Football 11, unpaid athletes, no playoff system. —Matt Bertz


EARTH DEFENSE FORCE: INSECT ARMAGEDDON

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360

You've squelched alien invasions, warded off magical evils, and saved the universe from certain destruction. But have you survived Bugmageddon? Rather than ignore its B-movie characteristics, this futuristic shoot-'em-up embraces the camp of its "giant insects overtake Earth" premise. Using a 300-weapon arsenal and jet-pack as your extermination kits, you and two other friends must stomp out the insect uprising like heroes in a *Mystery Science Theater 3000* flick. Insect Armageddon includes a co-op survival mode that pits your squad against waves of 12-story arachnids and colossal ants. If you feel like blowing shit up and have the stomach for the heavy cheese factor and low production values, EDF is a great guilty pleasure game. **Play If You Like:** *Starship Troopers*, *Lost Planet 2*, Syfy original films. —M.B.


CATHERINE

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360

Only Japan creates quirky games like Catherine. Players assume the role of Vincent, a slacker who is being pressured by his longtime girlfriend, Katherine (with a K), to propose. Waking up next to a sultry blonde named Catherine (with a C) after an epic night of boozing and whoring, Vincent becomes unhinged. Players spend the daytime sequences at the Stray Sheep bar, where Vincent struggles with his fear of commitment and act of infidelity by texting friends and chatting up strangers for advice. After dark, he journeys through nightmare sequences (puzzle-like platforms) before he falls into the void. Death in the nightmare spells death in reality, so Vincent doesn't have time to stress about the fact that he's wearing only his underwear during his adventures. **Play If You Like:** *Tekkon Kinkreet*, Japanese erotica, *Shin Megami Tensei: Persona*. —M.B.



THE Inked PLAYLIST

BY JONAH BAYER

RIVAL SONS
"Pressure and Time"

They are one modern band that can evoke classic Led Zeppelin.

PORTUGAL THE MAN
"Got It All (This Can't Be Living Now)"

PTM takes their psychedelic sound to dazzling heights.

TOUCHÉ AMORÉ
"Home Away From Here"

Remember that feeling you got the first time you heard At the Drive-In? Get ready to feel that again.

LAURA STEVENSON AND THE CANS
"The Healthy One"

Laura Stevenson is armed with one of the most striking voices around.

FAREWELL CONTINENTAL
"Immolated"

Justin Pierre conjures the post-hardcore ghosts of Jawbox and Superchunk.

WHITE WIVES
"Grow So Wild and Free"

This song sees the band brilliantly channeling Desaparecidos's indie angst.

FACE TO FACE
"It's Not All About You"

Face to Face proves that, unlike many of their peers, they've gotten better with age.

THIS WILL DESTROY YOU
"Communal Blood"

TWDY shows that you don't need vocals or distortion to be epic.

CONVERGE
"Runaway"

This is only available on a split 7-inch, but if you can find it, hang on for dear life.



FIVE and DIAMOND

fiveanddiamond.com

WILD CARD

wildcardcollection.com

TAWAPA

tawapa.com

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY

Skin cleaners need to be strong enough for a man, period.

What happened to soap? Your father never washed his hands with a bar that had any of the following ingredients: sandalwood, lilac, lemongrass, even aloe. Hell, your old man has too much testosterone for Softsoap. After a Saturday under the hood of his pickup truck he grabbed his nondescript soap bar and a wire brush before he ate a dinner of red meat. The fancy bars sound and look nice, but they just don't cut the mustard or the grease; weak cleansers leave your fingernails crusted with whatever you had your hands full of, and you don't want to take your work home.

Tough jobs require tough cleaning products. That's not an excuse to grab a bucket of bleach and a garden hose to do the job, however. There are plenty of products that work as hard as you do without giving your hands that Listerine-y tingle. Think about it: If you work with your hands, they are your most important tool. If they get chapped, burned, or worse, then you'll be functioning at the pace of someone trying to thread a Phillips-head screw with the corner of a flathead screwdriver—or, more crippling, the guy who tries to turn the screw a few times with his calloused fingers. —Bob Crenshaw



COLE-PARMER HAND SCRUB BRUSH

Every man should have three things: a sharp utility knife, a favorite football team, and a personal scrub brush. This wooden one (\$4, coleparmer.com) does the job, and because it's made of wood, not plastic, it won't be slippery when wet.



GREASE MONKEY WIPES

Originally made for cyclists whose legs would catch grease off their bike chains, these wipes (\$5 for 30-count canister, greasemonkeywipes.com) are key if you can't fit the greasy part of your body under the sink faucet.



LAVA BAR

A favorite of coal miners, oilmen, and gearheads, the Lava Bar (\$2, lavasoap.com) has been around since the 1800s and still cleans up nicely. It uses pumice—a by-product of volcanic activity—to exfoliate (a word not used in the 1800s).



DAWN SOAP

For more than 30 years, the good people at Dawn have been donating their product to help clean up animals affected by oil spills. Secret trick: If you are in a bind and need a degreaser, mix granulated sugar with Dawn, and voilà.



Meet Rosie the Wrencher.

HAIR AND MAKEUP: ASIA GEIGER AT CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; STYLIST: TERRI ROSE; MODEL: BETH DULANEY

photo by GREG MANIS



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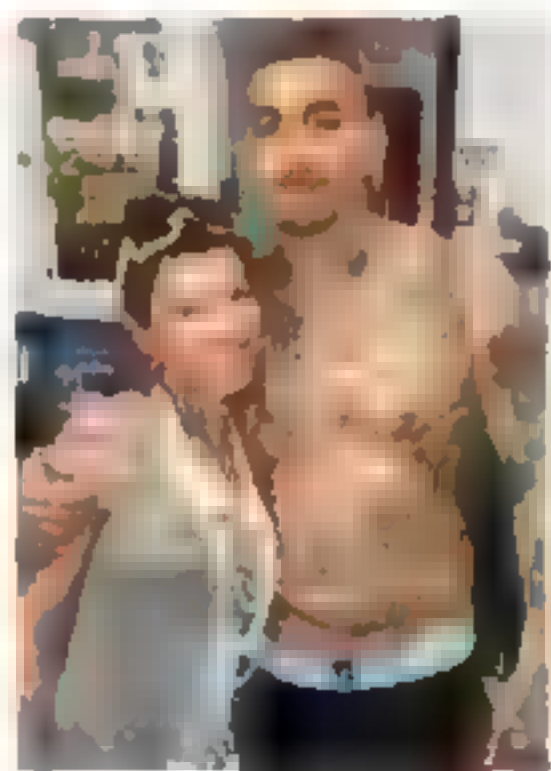
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ALBUQUERQUE

Yes, Mr. Burns, there is a New Mexico—let tattooist Bale show you around.

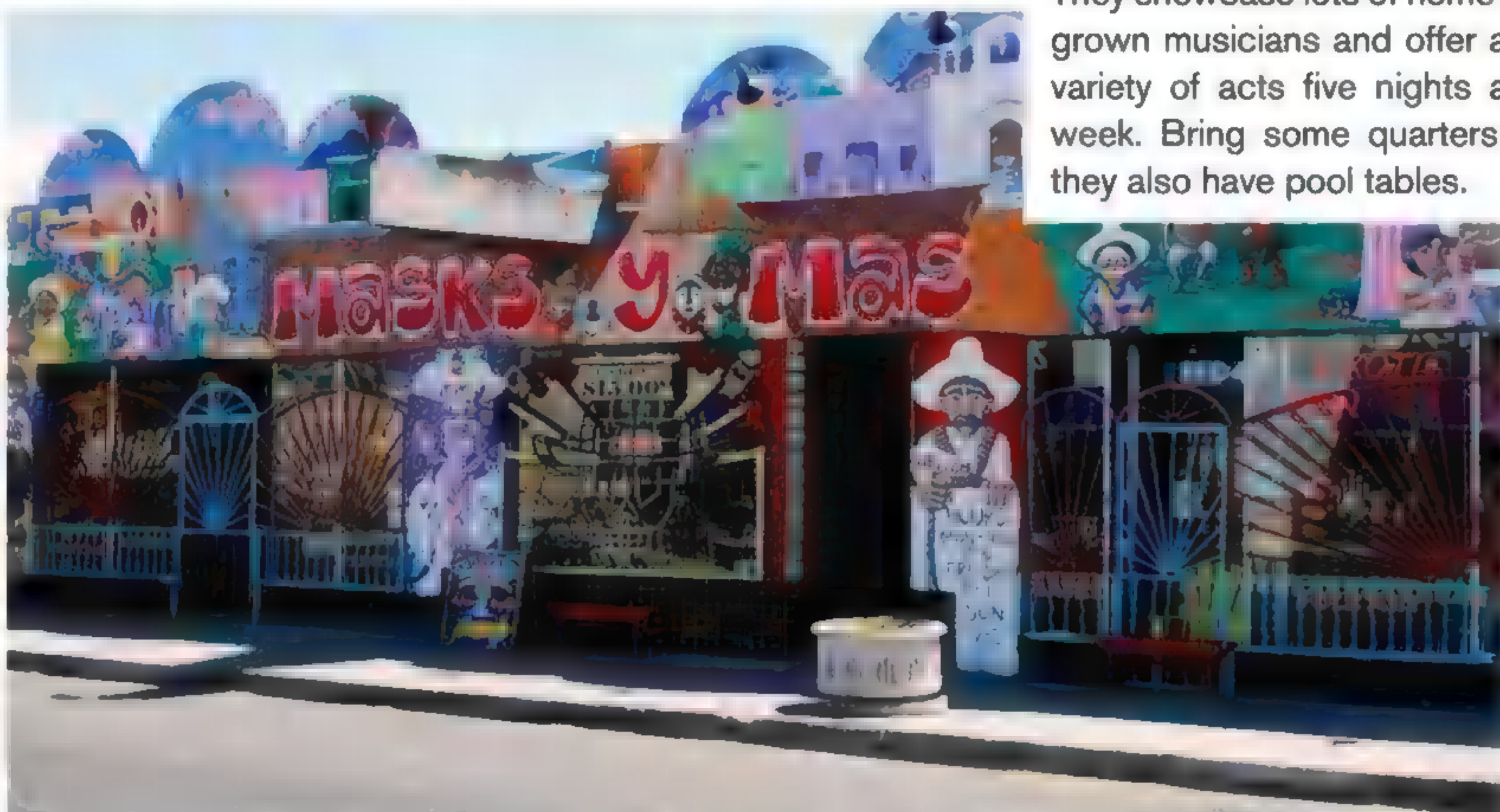


Albuquerque has the 32nd-largest city population in the U.S. and is growing fast. But for INKED, the mark of a city on the move is whether they host a tattoo convention—and sure enough, Albuquerque has one this month. We enlisted Bale of Por Vida Tattoo (2418 Southern Blvd. SE) to share some of his favorite secret spots in the city. He's an Albuquerque native who is active both in the graffiti and tattoo scene, so if you visit, you will definitely see his work around the city—on skin and on walls. —Zac Clark



WHERE THE LOCALS DRINK

Live music, great drink specials, and no cover make Burt's Tiki Lounge (313 Gold Ave. SW) the spot where cool locals bend elbows around wild decor. "Burt's is the city's favorite spot for hip-hop, reggae, and live performances," Bale says. They showcase lots of home-grown musicians and offer a variety of acts five nights a week. Bring some quarters; they also have pool tables.



BEST SHOPPING "There's a lot of styles of Mexican-American art, from Day of the Dead to Latin American art and sculptures," Bale says of Masks y Mas (3106 Central Ave. SE). It's an amalgam of a clothing store and a home goods shop and even features furniture screen-printed with Day of the Dead imagery. Imagine Bed Bath & Beyond with a heavy emphasis on the *Beyond*.

BEST PLACE FOR TAGGERS

La Underground (2000 Central Ave. SE) purveys art supplies for the street artist. The store sort of supports the revolution through its wares and by hosting a series of events, and it maintains a blog for local graffiti artists. La Underground offers supplies and a range of clothing that can't be found anywhere else in the area. "They also have a great vinyl selection as well as underground hip-hop CDs," says Bale.



WHERE OBAMA EATS

Barelas Coffee Shop (1502 4th St. SW) is the best way to start your day. "It's one of the oldest coffee shops, and one of the President's favorite spots to eat when he comes to town," Bale says. And that's a hell of an endorsement.



BEST PLACE TO GET INSPIRED

A sanctuary for art and audiences alike, 516 Arts Center (516 Central Ave. SW) has the mission of creating a dialogue between artists and art appreciators. "With some of the latest trends in art and fashion, from graffiti to modern-type art, [it] will blow your mind," Bale says. They offer workshops in a range of subjects, host tours, and run a community outreach program. The center features a rotating exhibition of artists' work and has a store with original works for sale.

The Inked MUSIC TOUR

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HOUR CAST

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SAN DIEGO // HOUSE OF BLUES // **13TH**
ANAHEIM // HOUSE OF BLUES // **14TH**
DALLAS // HOUSE OF BLUES // **16TH**
HOUSTON // HOUSE OF BLUES // **17TH**
TULSA // CAIN'S BALLROOM // **18TH**
CHICAGO // HOUSE OF BLUES // **19TH**
CINCINNATI // BOGART'S // **20TH**
DETROIT // ST. ANDREW'S HALL // **21ST**
CLEVELAND // HOUSE OF BLUES // **23RD**
NEW JERSEY // STONE PONY // **24TH**
ALBANY // NORTHERN LIGHTS // **25TH**
NEW YORK CITY // GRAMERCY // **26TH**
PHILADELPHIA // TLA // **27TH**
NORFOLK // NORVA // **28TH**
CHARLOTTE // THE FILLMORE // **29TH**
FT. LAUDERDALE // REVOLUTION // **30TH**

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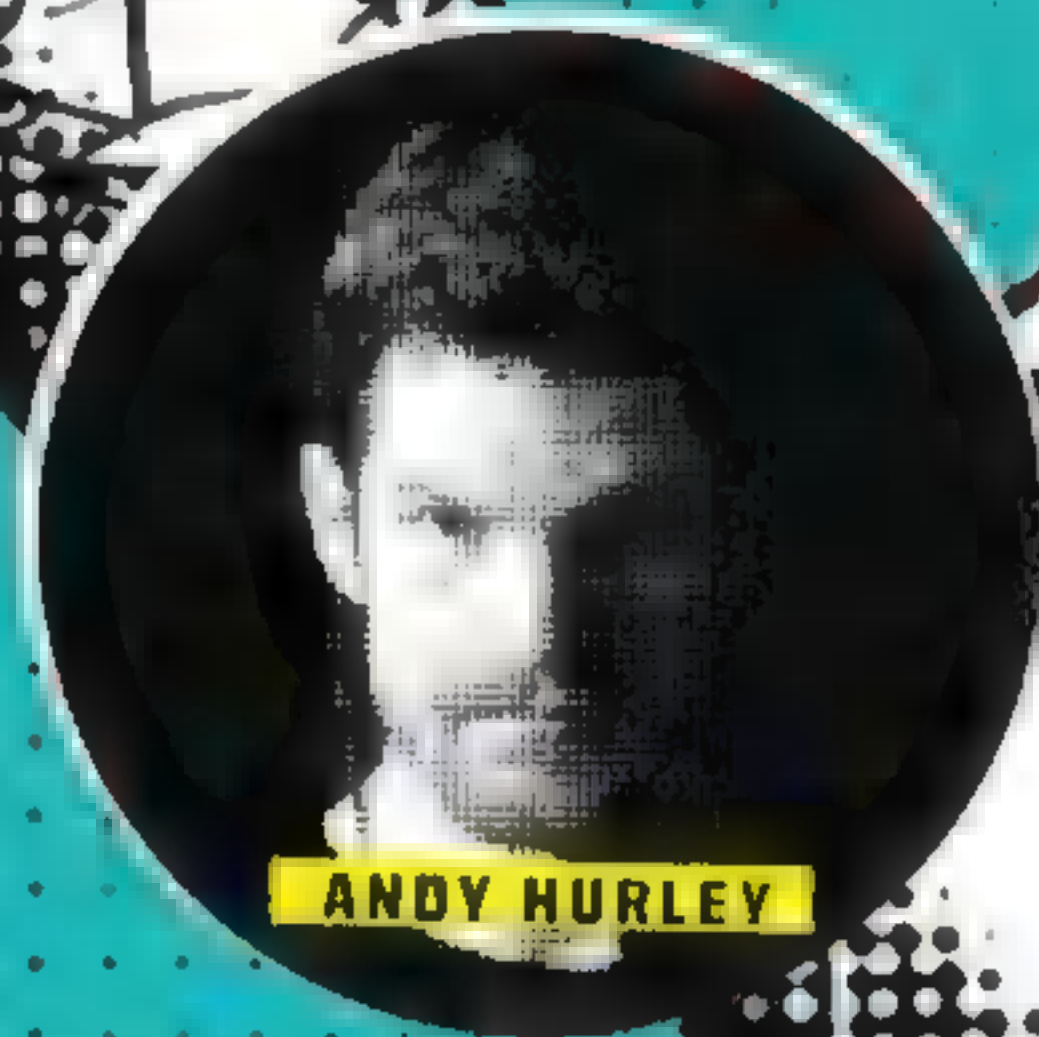
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KEITH BUCKLEY



SCOTT IAN



ANDY HURLEY



ROB CAGGIANO



JOSH NEWTON



JOE TROHMAN



Top gears, clockwise from top left: Dodge Ram 1500 Express; Hyundai Veloster; BMW 328 Hommage; Hommage cockpit.

VEHICLES OF THE YEAR

We pick the best hot wheels for men.

Your choice of car is like your choice of tattoos. Some guys like the classics (vintage rides, old-school tattoos), some like bold pieces (flashy cars, intricate work), etc. In every way a car is as much a reflection of your personality as your tattoos are. In fact, your first impression, whether you're rolling into work, a barbecue, or a tattoo convention, is your vehicle, not your ink. Here are our favorite new rides in three categories: to show, to tow, and to go.

TO SHOW: BMW 328 HOMMAGE Check out this sexy beast. The 328 was one of the slickest things on the road in the 1930s, and in honor of its 75th birthday, the Germans have brought it back to life. The similarities from the first iteration that tour up the racing scene are the kidney-shaped grills and round headlights. The improvements, thanks to a lifetime of engineering advancements between then and now, are found under the hood and in the carbon fiber reinforced plastic shell that

makes her light on her feet.

TO TOW: DODGE RAM 1500 EXPRESS There are cat guys and there are dog guys; there are car guys and there are truck guys. Truck guys are fiercely brand-loyal, and we respect them for that. But if we were to suggest a truck, well, we like the Ram 1500 Express. It's got a Hemi (Dodge is selling this V8 truck for about the same sticker price that some competitors are asking for V6 trucks) that churns out 390 horsepower and 407 lb-ft of torque.

TO GO: HYUNDAI VELOSTER Allow us to introduce you to the Veloster. This is perfect for a world where gas prices are high and TWD (texting while driving) is the new DUI. It gets 40 miles per gallon on the highway and has Blue Link, which, among myriad other capabilities, allows you to text hands-free. The Veloster looks slick as hell and even has three doors (yes, there's an extra door in back on the passenger side). —Robert McCormick

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JULY 25 BUFFALO, NY TOWN BALLROOM

JULY 26 CINCINNATI, OH BOGARTS

JULY 28 FT. WAYNE, IN PIERE'S

JULY 29 CLEVELAND, OH HOUSE OF BLUES

JULY 30 MADISON, WI WJJO BANDCAMP

JULY 31 ST. LOUIS, MO THE PAGEANT

AUG 02 AUSTIN, TX EMO'S

AUG 03 NEW ORLEANS, LA HOUSE OF BLUES

AUG 05 MIAMI, FL THE FILLMORE

AUG 06 ORLANDO, FL HOUSE OF BLUES

AUG 07 CHARLOTTE, NC HOUSE OF BLUES

AUG 10 WASHINGTON, DC 9:30 CLUB

AUG 11 SAYREVILLE, NJ STARLAND BALLROOM

AUG 12 ALLENTOWN, PA CROCODILE ROCK

AUG 13 WALLINGFORD, CT THE DOME AT OAKDALE

AUG 15 FLINT, MI THE MACHINE SHOP

AUG 16 GRAND RAPIDS, MI THE ORBIT ROOM

AUG 17 CHICAGO, IL HOUSE OF BLUES

AUG 19 MINNEAPOLIS, MN FIRST AVENUE

AUG 20 WINNIPEG, MB ROCK ON THE RANGE

AUG 22 EDMONTON, AB EDMONTON EVENT CENTER

AUG 23 CALGARY, AB MACEWEN HALL

AUG 25 VANCOUVER, BC COMMODORE BALLROOM

AUG 26 SPOKANE, WA ROCK HARD @ THE PARK

AUG 27 MISSOULA, MT BIG SKY BREWERY

AUG 28 BOISE, ID KNITTING FACTORY

SEPT 02 LAS VEGAS, NV HOUSE OF BLUES

SEPT 03 ANAHEIM, CA HOUSE OF BLUES

SEPT 04 ANAHEIM, CA HOUSE OF BLUES

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WWW.COLDARMY.COM

WWW.GETANCHORED.COM



INKED PEOPLE

SYSTEM BUILDER. ENGINEER. CHEF.



"This woman stuck her head in my car and the bass made her glass eye pop out."
 —Steve Meade

PHOTO BY MIKE GRAFF

inked people

STEVE MEADE

The subject of the e-mail was: "Dude's system shreds a phone book!" The body of the e-mail was a YouTube link that played a video of a goateed guy in a flat-brimmed ball cap and sleeves taking you through the sound system he built in a Chevy Tahoe. His name is Steve Meade, and he shows off the truck's four 18-inch Signature Series "SMD" subwoofers from Ascendant Audio, four Mechman 350 amp alternators feeding the 10 XS Power batteries, and more Rockford Fosgate than Best Buy has in stock. The Tahoe is painted a custom color he calls "MeadeCherry." And when Meade holds the Yellow Pages up to the belly of the beast and cranks the system to 30,000 watts, it's completely tattered in seconds. Before the song is over, listings for plumbers, pizza joints, and injury lawyers flutter around the garage like ticker tape.

After the video is over, YouTube suggests more of Meade's videos. In one his bass snaps a CD (they still serve a purpose); in another it makes girls' hair stand up on end. But one of the best? "I was doing a demo at a show and this woman stuck her head in my car and the bass made her glass eye pop out," he says. That video has more than 4 million hits, and Meade's website, stevemeadedesigns.com, has an Alexa traffic ranking more than 100,000 spots ahead of West Coast Customs.

With all that hype, guess how many rappers' rides Meade has worked on: zero. He is a guy who works for a commercial roofing company, who just works on his and his friends' vehicles. Being both meticulous and a sharer, he started posting shot-by-shot photos of him building his systems on car stereo message boards and forums several years ago. Then, because he didn't want his stuff to get lost in threads, he created his own website and YouTube channel. YouTube drove so much traffic to his site that he had to work in advertising to offset the bandwidth costs. "I now make triple the amount on the site than I do at my job," he says. "And the kicker is that audio companies now send me stuff for free or at a deep discount to get views. It's absolutely amazing. I have a \$65,000 Lexus IS F sitting in my driveway, and it's from the internet."

Not only has his side project earned him stereo equipment; it has afforded him a higher echelon of ink. "I have a couple of names scribbled on me for \$40 a pop, but Bill Liberty of Liberty Tattoo in Folsom [CA] has done all my real art," he says. His tattoos feature strong figures, including a lion, a water buffalo, and a portrait of his mother and the Statue of Liberty that twists up the contours of his arm and holds her flame over his shoulder. And much like his work on speaker boxes, the tattoos are self-documented on YouTube and his website. —Rocky Rakovic



inked people

SONIA SANCHEZ

Rocket scientists are supposed to be dull. Male. Nerdy. That is not the case with the brilliant Sonia Sanchez, a heavily tattooed systems engineer who works on research and development for satellites at a powerful aerospace firm. Over a vegan feast in Los Angeles, Sanchez, 33, explains that she grew up plucking chickens in rural Connecticut and didn't expect life to lead her into a career in aeronautics. Instead, she had wanted to be a musician. "I've been playing guitar since I was 5, but my parents told me I had to go into a profession where I would make money," Sanchez says. Her acute math abilities took her into an intense Ph.D. program for electrical engineering, but in the end she had to walk away from it to rescue what remained of her right brain. "They teach you to do what they want you to do, and it turns your mind into a robot's. All your creativity ... all the songs I ever wrote, I forgot."

So she accepted a position with an engineering company based in south-

ern California. Moving not only forced a change in her roller derby teams, it also inspired Sanchez to become more adventurous. That's why, in 2007, the shy engineer had Corey Miller tattoo her on *LA Ink* with the reminder that "Fear is just a feeling. Fear can never kill you." Since then, Sanchez has pushed herself beyond her comfort zone and recently began performing in modern burlesque shows around Los Angeles—which is where she currently flaunts most of her ink.

The intricate tattoos that grace the top of her chest and arms, such as the circuit-board heart by Mike Cole and the beetles by Nick Baxter, look as fresh as the day they were completed. "I use a lot of sunscreen," she says. Plus, she hides them under her work clothes. "It's not that it's illegal to have tattoos at work," she says. "But as soon as some people find out, they won't talk to me again." Ah yes, those dull, nerdy engineers. —Rebecca Swanner

photo by JEFFREY THAYER



inked people

Mussel Soup With Saffron and Orange

Serves: 4

½ liter white wine
1 shallot
2 tbsp unsalted butter, divided
2 pounds mussels, cleaned
1 cup heavy cream
1 tbsp saffron threads
Salt and freshly ground white pepper
1 orange
Country bread, for serving
Olive oil, optional

Bring the wine, shallot, and half the butter to a boil in a saucepan. Add the mussels, cover, and cook for 5 minutes. Remove pan from heat; let sit, covered, for 5 more minutes. Place a colander over a bowl; pour contents of pan into the colander, reserving the cooking liquid. Pull the mussels from their shells. Strain the reserved cooking liquid through a fine-mesh strainer, return to the pan, and bring it back to a boil. Add the cream and cook until reduced, about 5 minutes. Add the saffron and half of the reserved mussels and blend with an immersion blender until thick and smooth. Stir in the remaining butter and salt and white pepper to taste. Divide remaining mussels among 4 hot bowls; pour the soup over the mussels. Zest the orange directly over each bowl and serve with thick slices of country bread, grilled or toasted with olive oil.

LUDO LEFEBVRE

You wouldn't expect the occasional burn to faze a chef as seasoned as Ludo Lefebvre. He's the Frenchman behind Los Angeles pop-up restaurant LudoBites whom reality television fans grew to love (or loved to hate) on Bravo's *Top Chef: Masters*. But Lefebvre, like many other tattooed chefs, gets extra-pissed when he's scorched in the kitchen. "It drives me nuts when I burn my tattoos," he says. "They lose color instantly."

In fact, he says, just a few days ago, his kitchen assistant accidentally seared the back of his arm while television cameras were rolling for his new Sundance channel TV show, *Ludo Bites America*. But that didn't stop him from freaking out. "I imagine there are some people who would say I am an asshole," he admits. "But they keep coming back, so I guess that speaks for itself."

There's a lot to learn from Lefebvre, after all. He trained in France under the instruction of culinary patriarchs such as Pierre Gagnaire and Alain Passard before moving to L.A., where he scored the title of head chef at the tender age of 25 and won two Mobil Five-Star awards. Since then he has branded himself as a pop-up virtuoso, putting Los Angeles restaurant enthusiasts into a frenzy each time his fly-by-night dining rooms turn up somewhere around town. So, yeah, he's got a thing or two to pass on.

It's surprising, then, that one thing you won't find tattooed on Lefebvre is food. "I guess I would rather have something else to talk about when I leave the kitchen," he says. What he can discuss, however, is a collection of more than 25 tattoos that he has curated for the past 15 years. Lefebvre's torso and limbs have become a junk drawer of permanent mementos. Some things are meaningful, like a tattoo of his sister's name, a Buddhist prayer, and his LudoBites logo—and some things he can't remember his reason for adding, like the four dragon tattoos strewn around his frame. But Lefebvre's most treasured design is a heart around his wife's name with a crucifix that is stamped on his chest. Lefebvre's chum Vince Neil (of Mötley Crüe) has a similar tattoo, making them sort of fraternal tattoo twins.

Although the chef doesn't know where his next restaurant may pop up, he does have his next two tattoos planned out. The first will be a landscape of Los Angeles across his back—including the Hollywood sign, of course—with the addition of the Virgin Mary somewhere in its midst. The next: a tattoo of his newborn twins' names, Luca and Rêve, which is French for *dream*. Here's to hoping he'll put them somewhere his next assistant can't singe. —Erin Phraner



new york son

NY INK'S MEGAN MASSACRE IS KILLING IT. BY BRITTANY INESON PHOTOS BY WARWICK SAINT P. 42



W

hen word hit INKED's office that there was going to be a *NY Ink*, speculation on who the tattooers would be chewed up the rest of the working day. Someone would rattle off the name of an artist and that would be answered with something like, "He would be a perfect wise elder," "She's a great artist but too shy for the camera," or "No way would he pass the background check." We each had our perfect cast in mind, with every reality-TV casting category filled (the foil, the villain, the edgy one, etc.). And while many of our prospective IMDb.com pages for the show looked completely different, one thing many of us agreed on was who should be the talented pretty girl. Megan Massacre is the only person we've honored with an artist profile in INKED and also shot for our sexy sister publication *Inked Girls*.

I had interviewed the Pennsylvanian for her artist profile and really appreciated her talent, so I visited Wooster Street Social Club, the SoHo shop where she works and stars in *NY Ink*, to have her tattoo me. I'm working on an amalgam of childhood memories on my right side to commemorate the things that have shaped and inspired me. The next piece I had in mind was script from *Alice in Wonderland* that would read: "Do you suppose she's a wildflower?" Megan's the perfect person to tattoo it—she's a sweet young lady whom I suppose would inspire many people to utter that same question.

As she set to work on the tattoo, Megan explained that coming to Wooster Street and being filmed makes her feel as if she is indeed in Wonderland. "This is my first experience with anything like this—being followed around with

cameras everywhere I go," she says. "But I believe this experience has actually helped me grow not only as an artist but also as a person. It's not every day you get an opportunity to work in an amazing new shop in New York City with some of the top-notch artists in the industry. I feel truly very lucky."

Massacre has always been on a trajectory toward being a world-famous tattooist. "My mom has drawings I've done all the way back from when I was 2 years old, and even has pictures of me as a child using markers to draw fake tattoos all over her," she says. Along her path, she's also honed in on a style. "I would describe my personal drawing as whimsical, with a cute yet sometimes creepy feel," she says. "Although the colors are very bright, the imagery is usually more on the darker or gothic side."

Bright colors with an undertone of darkness seems the antithesis of her look, a porcelain doll with jet-black hair and eyes, body language, and facial expressions that convey warmth, not creepiness. "I look at modeling as another form of art," she explains. "Some artist friends have told me that I should give up modeling so that my work would be taken more seriously. But the thought that I would have to hide my face in order for my work to be taken seriously is ridiculous."

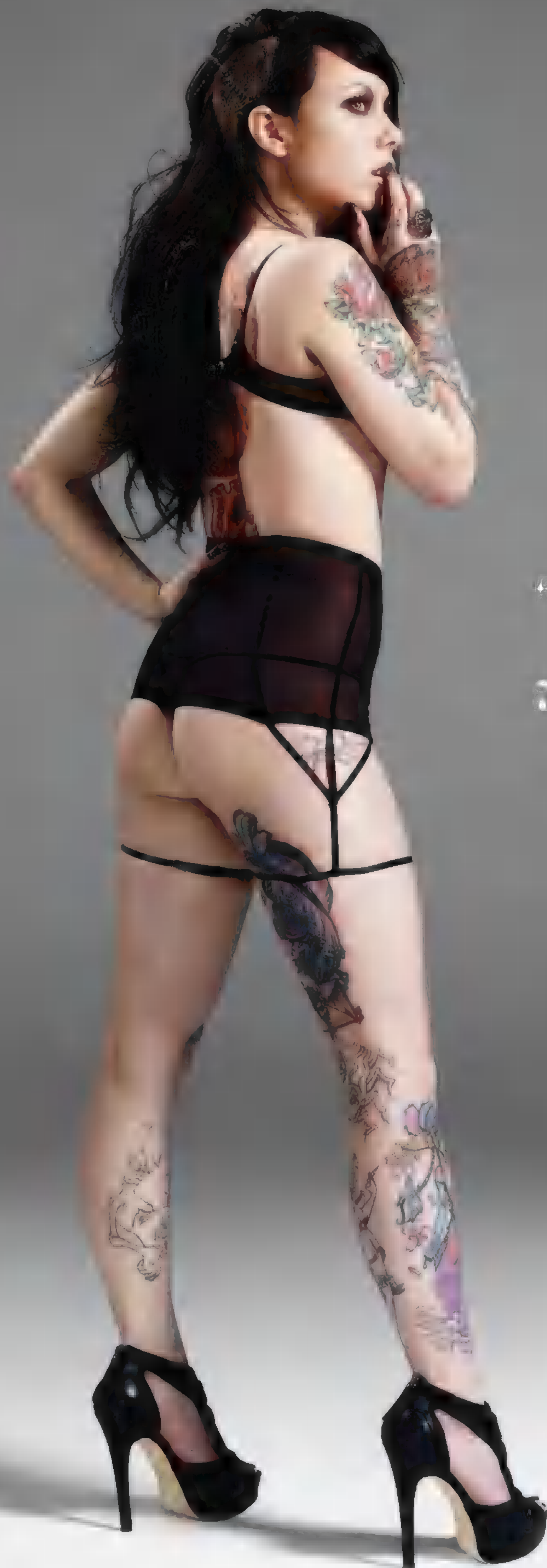
In fact, her tattoos would have captured my attention even if someone told me a toothless meth addict had crafted them. But Megan can't help who she is: a beautiful, strong female artist—which does have its benefits. "An advantage of being a female is that it makes you unique because there are so few of us," she says. "It helps you stand out in the sea of all the amazing artists that populate the tattooing industry today." The only con of being the sole female tattooist at Wooster Street is "having to always put the toilet seat down." As she finished up my piece, Massacre reflected on her gender and her journey thus far: "In the end I don't want to be known as a great female artist—I want to be known as a great artist." ■



Sex Trash by Stephanie Paterek bra and underwear; Rock & Republic heels. Page 42: Sex Trash by Stephanie Paterek bustier and panties; Le Mos gold ring.

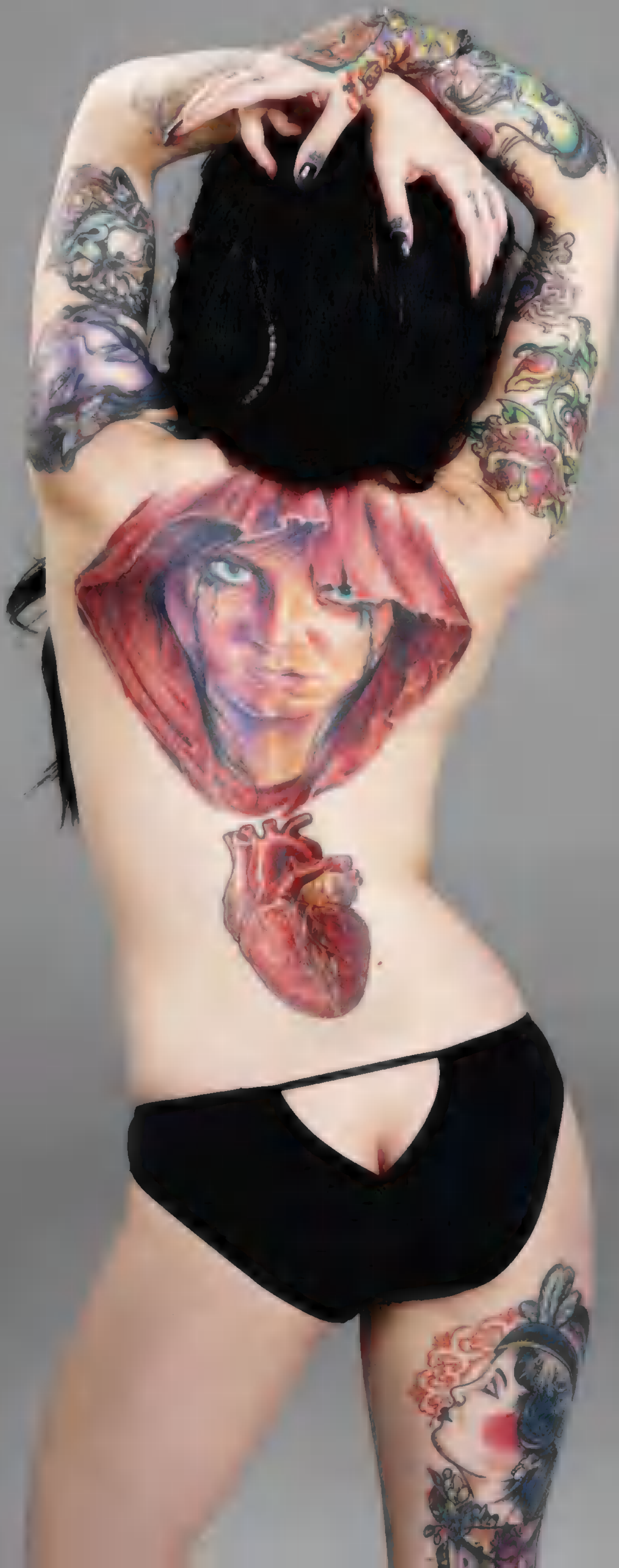
“I look at modeling as another form of art.”





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“I don’t want to be
known as a great
female artist—
I want to be known
as a great artist.”
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Maison Close bra
and thong; L.A.M.B.
heels; Occulter ring.



Maison Close
underwear; Ayaka
Nishi bracelet.

Stylist: Xina Giatas
Stylist assistant: Monica Keating
Hair: Kevin Woon for Woon Salon
Makeup: Hector Simancas for MAC
Cosmetics at Factory Downtown
Location: Root Brooklyn

You don't know me from Adam.

ADAM GOLDBERG calls himself an actor, filmmaker, photographer, musician (with his cool, trippy act The Goldberg Sisters), Lamaze coach, purveyor of fine meats, and inked neurotic. Here are his tattoo chronicles.

BY ADAM GOLDBERG PHOTOS BY RENNIE SOLIS





GOT MY FIRST TATTOO IN 1977 WHEN A FELLOW SECOND-GRADER ACCIDENTALLY stabbed me in the triceps with her pencil. It would be another 12 years before I would purposely mark my skin, yet that small but distinct pencil mole remained visible for many years until I unwittingly covered it up with one of my tattoos. It was 1990, and the idea had been brewing for a while. The kicker, I think, was an acting class exercise in which we were asked to create a character and his environment and extemporaneously act out a “moment alone.” Although I was a barely-pubescent-looking neurotic waif of 19 struggling to grow something that resembled sideburns—or perhaps because of that—I decided to portray a “badass.” I put one of those temp tattoos (of a pinup girl, I think) across my shoulder and triceps—and I loved it. I was fucked. So, after some deliberation and perusal of coffee table books, I ended up at Sunset Strip Tattoo, where an artist named Chester with a corncob pipe replicated the face from the iconic Edvard Munch painting *The Scream* on my right shoulder.

By appearances, I wasn’t the most likely candidate for a tattoo, just as I wasn’t a candidate for the mohawk I had at the age of 13, when I looked barely 10 and weighed under 100 pounds. In fact, I eventually—nay, immediately—regretted the mohawk and had the strip in back shaved in order to fashion it into a Carl Lewis–like flattop (it was the summer of the ’84 Olympics, after all). Many, or rather those who give enough of a shit to ponder such trivialities, seem somewhat confounded that I, a “typical neurotic Jew” (how I love that moniker), am covered by so many tattoos. Well, for the record, I am bat-shit neurotic, though I attribute that far more to my half-gentile constitution than I do the Jewish half. And not only can and do plenty of Jews have tattoos, but three of the most famous Bowery tattoo artists were in fact Jews themselves—Willy Moskowitz and his boys, Walter and Stan. On another note: It seems odd, I admit, for an actor by trade to have so much that identifies him as a real-life

guy, but I think, for better or worse, my refusal to be defined by what I have done for a living, by “characters,” accounts for many of my tattoo binges. I have often felt that I’m “playing” an actor much more than I “am” such.

Like many, I’m made up of two very distinct sides. They’re often at odds, but perhaps they provide balance as well: One reflects upon everything and fears even more; the other is determined to try everything at least once—except for hallucinogens (I’m way too imbalanced, it’d be redundant ... in fact, I’m hallucinating right now). So, by the time I was 19, I was a migrainous half-Jew afflicted with searing self-doubt and terrible IBS, but I also scooted around L.A. on a ’79 Honda CB650 with no helmet, a dangling cigarette, and a tiny tattoo on my right shoulder. And as many, if not all, of you know, it’s very hard to get only one tattoo.

But in the meantime, I made a meal out of the tiny screaming face on my upper shoulder. The first thing I did when I got home was cut the sleeves off of a few flannel shirts, and the next day I revealed to the world (or at least the clientele of Book Soup, the bookstore where I worked) that I was a badass not to be fucked with.

Of course I was fucked with. Often. “You got Macaulay Culkin tattooed on your shoulder?” people asked. To make matters worse, and I swear this, within the year (but not before!) *The Scream* became ubiquitous: greeting cards, key chains, and, the bane of my existence, the blow-up doll. Then there was that fucking movie.

But before *The Scream* craze took hold a friend of mine turned me on to Freddy Negrete, one of the pioneers of Angeleno black-and-gray fine-line tattoo art, and he added a body to *The Scream*’s head. (I could swear I asked Freddy to be wary of covering up my second-grade prison ink, but it disappeared that night under a gown of black.) Now I no longer had to cut the sleeves off my shirts; I merely had to roll them up extraordinarily high. On the set of *Dazed and Confused* I formed an unlikely friendship with Nicky Katt, who played Clint, my character’s nemesis (alter ego?). Nick had a Fu Manchu tattoo, his only tattoo at the time, on his left triceps.

During the course of our bond we discovered that we both had our initial work done at Sunset Strip (maybe by the same guy?) but each had our work revisited by Freddy. "It was meant to be," we mused. So next time you watch us roll around in the mud at the moon tower, know that it really was just two bros getting physical the only way they felt society could accept their love.

MY NEXT TATTOO I GOT DOWN THE STREET FROM WHERE I WAS LIVING AT THE TIME, at Spotlight Tattoo on Melrose. There was something about walking down the street and getting a tattoo. It was a fairly lame heart (my fault, I asked for no shading) inscribed with "Blame It on My Youth," the title of a standard that Chet Baker sings in the documentary *Let's Get Lost*. I figured what was literal at the time would someday be ironic. I think that day has come.

Nick and I would take trips to visit Freddy's shop, at the time in Santa Barbara, where Nick would get fully realized new work and I would ask for a little shading here, a little rose on top of the heart there. I still had only two tattoos but had been worked on five times by the end of it all. It was as much about the trip and waiting to see when and if Freddy would tattoo us and take a break from, for instance, demonstrating his bullwhip-snapping ability in the adjacent parking lot.

Not long after, I got a job doing a short-lived TV show called *Double Rush*. I became close with the show's star, the late Bobby Pastorelli. Bobby was the guy I wished I was: New York-tough, had been there, been back, and had beautiful work. It was a renaissance. Bobby was the guy who turned me on to tattoo as art rather than, say, tattooing art on your shoulder. He had this beautiful Angel Michael. And the artist was Mark Mahoney. Bobby introduced me to Mark, who was in between shops at the time. Mark was so cool he could scare Brando square. The first time he tattooed me, it was in the back of some silk-screening shop on La Brea or something. I was covering up my first tattoo, *The Scream*. I wanted something like Bobby's angel and found, in a similar style, a sculpture of the Greek myth of Eros and Psyche. It seemed fitting, given what a dichotomy it was that I was getting tattooed at all. But I was never really satisfied with it. I wanted some original work by Mark, and covering up an essentially solid black tattoo was not the way to yield the fine-line detail that Mark is known for and that I so badly wanted. But for a while it did the trick. In fact, for many years I had just the Eros and Psyche, the Blame It on My Youth, and a third small tattoo of a shot glass I got spontaneously (generally a bad idea) in New York flying high on both the completion of the first film I directed, *Scotch and Milk*, and, frankly, a lot of coke (you wouldn't think I'd need any, but there you go again). It was around 3 or 4 a.m. on St. Marks. The artist is famous. And the artist is a douchebag. He charged us (my production designer got the same one; his was a lot better), like, I don't know, three or four bills—more than I had paid for hours of much more complex work—for this dinky piece of shit because he was big-time and we were a couple of coked-up last customers. A-holes all around.

Yeah, it wasn't until years later that I took the big plunge and got something on my forearm, this time in New Orleans. "Dignified and Old," a Modern Lovers song—you know, because it was playing in my friend Rio's bar, and I loved that song. Bad move. Shitty tattoo. No offense, my fault, bad concept: red and green lettering, a rose sticking through it. I had Mark try and redo it, literally going over the tattoo and redoing it Mahoney style. Years later I would try to sear the whole mess off with several laser treatments, which made me feel a fuck of a lot tougher than getting any tattoo. Jesus Christ, the agony. Eventually it just bleached my skin and Mahoney covered it up with some horses. It's now my biggest tattoo. Why hadn't I learned my lesson? Just go to Freddy or Mark in the first place and get fine-line, black-and-gray stuff. Invariably I'd regret every tattoo I'd ever get that wasn't a Mahoney, save perhaps for the writing on my chest that Freddy's son did one time when he was just a kid and Mark no longer worked where I had last seen him and the owner wouldn't tell me where he went (tattoo code, etc.).

SO, WHERE ARE WE? OKAY, IT'S 2001, I'M 30 NOW, WE'RE UP TO FOUR, AND I'VE broken my forearm hymen. But I still don't have an original Mark. I was working in New York at the time but was visiting L.A. and booked an appointment with Mark. I was doing another TV show, playing a stockbroker (really, the forearm?). I had been pining for this piece of vintage Tennessee Dave James flash, your standard Sailor's Grave type of thing. But, Jesus, man, what Mark did with

what was already a cool, albeit thick, four-needle design with a single needle was stunning. To this day, I'm proudest of that design, and one other of the Los Angeles Theater, one of the great still-standing movie palaces downtown. Mark, who is about as self-effacing as it gets, even shows the L.A. Theater off when I come in. He took a huge, two-page photo from a book of old L.A. I have and shrank it down to part of my left biceps, all single-needle, two days of work, replete with tiny cars and tiny men with tinier hats.

It was around the time of that tattoo, 2004, 2005, that I finally started to really appreciate the art of tattooing on a much deeper level—its history, the Bowery stuff. I was obsessed a bit manically with it all, to the point ... where ... I ... started buying tattoo equipment. First, cheap shit off the internet; then, eventually, a collection a fellow artist and friend of Mark's was selling. Serious stuff.

I'd tattoo oranges, this fake skin stuff they sold online, and then, finally, my left shin. Did I mention that I can barely draw? Or that the writing in my journals looks like the Sanskrit of a maniac? Actually, the first time I tattooed anyone or thing it was after I got tattooed in New Orleans (another New Orleans trip, another mistake, still not getting that tattoos as souvenirs were not a good fit for me) and the artist oversaw my tattooing a very basic piece of sailboat flash on her husband's already nearly covered leg. It actually wasn't awful, but she practically hand-held me through it. Then I tattooed a square on a good friend who, until then, had sworn off any such thing—an actor truly dedicated to shape-shifting roles. But we were celebrating/mourning the last night I would spend in my old house that I sold him for about what I paid for it. Idiot. Another story.

So, yeah, my shin looks like shit. It's just illegible and amorphous trial and error. I'm a terrible drawer and worse tattoo artist, but I was immersed. Flash, books, machines, defamed orange peels everywhere. I even talked to Mark about opening up something together in New York. Then I remembered that I wasn't rich. I did get a bit better at drawing flash and designed an addition—praying hands, falling flower petals—to the memorial portrait Mark did of my beautiful dog Jack. By then Mark and I had forged a friendship and collaboration that transcended and too often provided an excuse for another tattoo. It became clear I was far more suited to document Mark's art than to practice it. I would eventually direct a short pilot, this sort of quasi-documentary, which weaves in "reenactments" from Mark's storied time as an artist and a liver.

In no small part this deeper connection with Mark goes back to Bobby Pastorelli, who died of an overdose in 2004 after years, presumably, of being straight. When it happened, I had just gotten back in touch with him—actually, we reconnected while I was in Mark's chair celebrating the completion of my second film as director, *I Love Your Work*, with a tattoo of the Greek mythical figure Daedalus (but in a suit on a barstool under an old streetlamp). Bobby called Mark, and Mark put me on the phone with him. I had lost touch with Bobby after a horrific tragedy had befallen him a few years prior. I say *befallen* because that's how I choose to think about it. The truth is mired in mystery and speculation, and presumably led to his OD after years of refusing even a beer. When I heard he died, I went straight to Mark's shop, and eventually we both got matching tattoos to commemorate our mutual friend; they were based on a piece of super-old flash I found in this great Taschen book—heads of angels flanking Christ on the cross. Mark drew up the heads, and his mentor, Mike Brown—who was guesting at Mark's shop, Shamrock—did the tattoos. Exquisite detail. Bobby's tiny initials tangled in the hair of the angels.

The second video from my record *The Goldberg Sisters* solidifies the connection I have with Mark. It's for the song "The Room," the title of which I took from Hubert "Cubby" Selby Jr.'s book of the same name. Bobby had introduced me to Cubby back in the '90s, right before making *Scotch and Milk*. (Cubby, alongside Bobby, plays a barfly sage whose improvised dialogue would elicit tears each time I'd edit his scene.) I based the song on Bobby's death. And to complete this trinity of cool and meta reflection I asked Mark to play "the guy" from the song in the video—to, in effect, play Bobby. The 16mm film is pretty dark and drips pretty heavily with an acrid nostalgia. I'm not entirely sure how healthy the whole thing is, but on some level it must have been cathartic.

Thinking back, it would have been hard to imagine as I stood there in second grade, weeping and screaming at that poor girl whose pencil was stuck in my triceps, that the tip she left behind would only be that of an iceberg. ■



AUTOMOTIVATED

Find these well-engineered items in the shop.

PHOTOS BY TOM MEDVEDICH

NEW CAR SMITH INCLUDED

Clockwise from top right: Converse
motorcycle jacket, rappos.com; Affliction
limited leather vest, afflictionclothing.
com; Andrew Buckler leather jacket,
andrewbuckler.com; Deth Killers bomber
jacket, dethkillers.com.



TWISTED METAL

Clockwise from top right: NightRider Box Toggle Chain necklace, nightriderjewelry.com; Spragwerks Hudson belt buckle and wrench cuff, both spragwerks.com; Ransoun Wrenched pendant necklace, ransoun.com; King Baby ring, kingbabystudio.com; Union Parts and Recreation seat-clamp ring, unionthebrand.com; Luke Satoru oval keyhole ring, lukesatoru.com; Victorious 22 Death's Head Racer ring, v22losangeles.com; Ransoun Nailed pendant necklace, ransoun.com.

SIDEWAYS

Where there's tire smoke, there's drifter Ryan Tuerck.

BY TIFFANY FRASIER PHOTO BY TOM MEDVEDICH

RACING

CL
CLAYTON
THE BEST DRIFTING

STEF'S
MOTORSPORTS

THE FAST, AGGRESSIVE DRIVING AND BIG THRILLS OF DRIFT racing are what Formula D driver Ryan Tuerck lives for. "I'm attracted to the complete recklessness of drifting," he says. "Operating a car that is completely out of control while driving as close as you possibly can next to a guy trying to do the same thing gets my adrenaline pumping."

In a sport that promises intense crowd-pleasing action from a high-horsepower vehicle, Tuerck has carved a reputation for himself as someone who's known as much for his supreme car control as his fearlessness. He says his goal when behind the wheel is to improve his technique and push the limits of the track. "I always go out at night and practice in empty parking lots," he says. "I'm constantly challenging myself and wanting to improve my skills."

Tuerck grew up thrill riding—BMX and motorcycle—but had to learn to tooling around with his

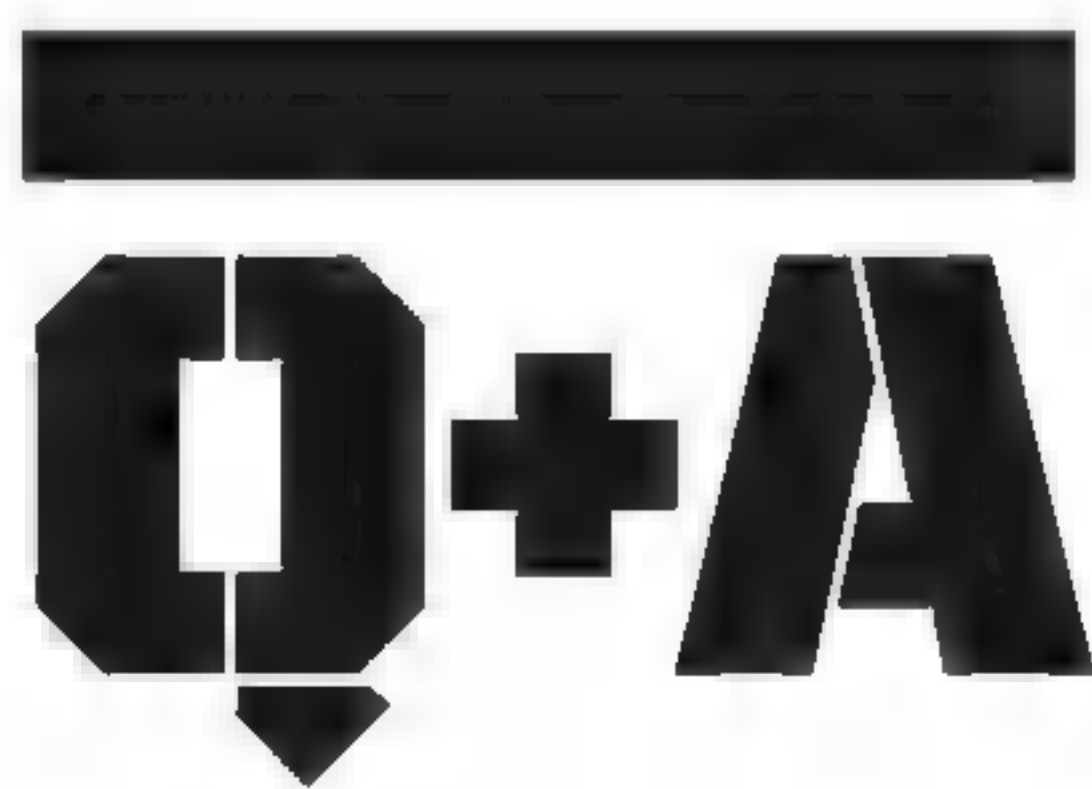
Ford Mustang. Something kept compelling him to try and make it slide every time he came out of a stop sign. This was before *The Fast and The Furious: Tokyo Drift*, before every kid tried to make his parents' car go sideways. But Tuerck found the small, emerging community, ditched the bulky Mustang for a lighter Nissan 240SX, and tried to force it to do what car engineers hope drivers don't attempt. In 2003 he went with his moxie to Raceway Park, in Englishtown, NJ, and won the first drift event he ever entered. He has never looked back or pointed his wheels north to south since.

Now, with Red Bull and Mobil One sponsorships in tow, Tuerck has gained a proven track record of podium placements while competing in national championships. His successful 2005 rookie season with Formula Drift included a sixth-place finish at the championship round in Sonoma, CA. After

competing in all seven rounds of the 2006 Formula Drift series, Tuerck continued to rise in the ranks, winning the Driver of the Year award during the 2008 season. In 2009, he emerged as a consistent driver, placing first in two championship competitions, and he finished third overall in 2010. This year, he's looking to expand his trophy shelf.

When he's not making his wheels screech, Tuerck is in New Hampshire hanging out with his tattoo artist, who happens to be his former mechanic. Tuerck got his first tattoo at 22 and has collaborated with Dave Shoemaker ever since. "I go for a more traditional style with my tattoos," says Tuerck. "None of them are occupation-related. I come up with an idea and Dave does a killer job executing it." Just like the way he throws himself into making his car go horizontal, he gets a notion for ink and just goes with it. ■





JASON MOMOA

Is he ready to fill Schwarzenegger's sandals in *Conan the Barbarian*?

BY ALISON PRATO PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTOPHER BEYER

For every million struggling actors in the world, there's one guy like Jason Momoa. He never even really dreamed of becoming an actor—until one day, there he was, starring on a hit TV show. “It was a dream job that literally fell into my lap,” Momoa—referring to his big break on *Baywatch*—recalls with a laugh. “It was such a shocker to me because it was the last thing on earth I thought I would ever be doing. But it gave birth to my love and passion for acting. It just opened up that world to me.”

Momoa, 32, has parlayed a stint wearing those iconic red bathing trunks into a regular gig on the sci-fi hit *Stargate: Atlantis* and his most recent (and highest-profile) TV job as Khal Drogo, a savage warrior on HBO's critically acclaimed series *Game of Thrones*. This month, Momoa takes on his biggest role yet: starring as Conan the Barbarian on the big screen.

We talked to Momoa as he drove through Los Angeles (alongside his wife, Lisa Bonet) about skateboarding, doing his own stunts, and his familial tattoo.

INKED: Struggling actors must hate you for falling into show business so easily. How exactly were you discovered?

JASON MOMOA: My father lived in Hawaii, so I went to see him during a semester off from college. I was 19 years old and working in a family surf shop. *Baywatch Hawaii* came down there, and so my cousin and I went down there to meet chicks. We thought maybe we could make \$100 a day being extras.

Ah. So it was all about getting chicks. Yep. But you've got to have a résumé to get in the door, so we made up a whole bunch of bullshit that we were Gucci models and Louis Vuitton models, and that got us in. Then a month later, I got the lead role on *Baywatch*. And my whole life changed after that.

So your Wikipedia page is a lie? Yeah. [Laughs.] It's hilarious. You had to have something to get in the room, so we made that up. We were just bullshitting.

As a good-looking guy, did you always get a lot of girls? Barely. I barely even kissed any girls in high school, man.

That's hard to believe. It's true—because their mothers never liked me. I had some girls who were friends, but I didn't date many people. I wasn't very big with girls. I had some problems of my own. I just wanted to get the hell out of there. I was a virgin until I met my wife. Well, that's what my wife just told me to say. [Laughs.]

You were born in Hawaii but grew up in Iowa. Were there any kids that looked like you in Iowa? No, it was all white when I was growing up. It was a farm town, a pretty small town. I was an only child with a single mom. It made me an individual. But I love Iowa. You can eat so much fuckin' food there, biscuits and gravy and all that stuff. So I lived there but I'd spend summers with my father in Hawaii. Life as a gypsy, you know?

What were you like as a teenager? There were a lot of wrestlers in town, but I was a skateboarder. Though I wasn't really a troublemaker. I was actually a good kid until I got out of school.

What about that 2008 bar fight where you got hit with broken glass? Yeah, I walked into a bar with a friend and a guy hit me in the face with a pint glass, and I had to get 140 stitches. They had to put my face back together. I think he got, like, seven years in prison. He was already on probation for carrying a loaded firearm, so he was a real piece of work.

Was it random? Yeah—I think he attacked the biggest guy in the room.

You're 6'4" now. Were you always huge? No, man. I was short. I started growing my freshman year of college. I didn't get to 6'4" until I was out of high school. And I think I'm 6'5" now. I'm still growing.





“It was not so much the pain of getting tattooed, as it was just really

Is it true that both your parents were painters? Yeah, my mom went to art school, and my dad has continued to paint his whole life—he made that his career. My mom has such a great eye and has taught me to appreciate great art.

What was your first tattoo? I got my first one before my daughter was born. It’s something my cousins all have, and it goes on the left side of your arm—it’s like a guardian. It’s basically like your power animal, whatever animal represents your family or your tribe. And ours is a shark, a *mano*. And then there are arrows that face out—out of your heart, that’s what it represents. I got it back in Hawaii. It took nine hours. It was pretty intense. I didn’t know what to expect, but it hurt like hell.

How did you deal with the pain? Actually, it

was not so much the pain of getting tattooed, as it was just really annoying hearing that [buzzing] sound for so long. It was just brutal. The last hour was pretty daunting. But I like tattoos now that are meaningful and small, like simple words. I’m not big on pain. It’s addictive. My wife and I have some special ones that are meaningful to us. I’ll probably do more with my family. There’s a tattoo artist in Hawaii who researches your family’s genealogy, and so at some point I’ll probably get that whole thing down my leg.

And your latest tattoo? It’s a line from a Charles Baudelaire poem, which basically means, “Be happy.” I got it in London. My stepbrother got the same one.

Have you ever met a fan with tattoos of you or

your characters? No, but I’ve seen some pretty good *Stargate* tattoos. They love it, and that’s awesome, whatever floats their boats—I mean, I have a ridiculous Charles Baudelaire poem. And that’s the great thing about tattoos: You can wear them and express yourself.

Drogo, your character in *Game of Thrones*, knows how to express himself. And he’s not the greatest guy in the world. What are you talking about? He’s a sweetheart! [Laughs.] No, he’s a good guy. He’s a savage, but out of the whole series, I think he’s the nicest and most decent person in the whole thing. It’s the greatest role I’ve even come across. It was the best experience of my acting career to date. At first all my buddies were busting my balls, like, “You don’t say anything, and you’re just naked.”



Jason Momoa gets tattooed by Kilby Rodell at the Velvet Grip Family in Los Angeles.

annoying hearing that [buzzing] sound for so long." —*Jason Momoa*

How did you get that role? When I first read it, it was something that I knew was in my grasp. I was so stoked and I knew I could beat out the average Joe. I pulled from my family's history, and I went in and did a Hawaiian war chant for the casting directors. So you could definitely see what this guy was like in battle. And I pretty much sealed the deal right there. And it was the same casting director for *Conan*, and they were kind of like, "There's our guy."

Have you had any bad auditions? Many. I'm horrible at auditioning. Horrible. There's such a technique to it. I've even taken audition classes. I'm just so bad at it.

Did you have reservations about being the lead in *Conan*—about carrying a movie? Yeah,

absolutely. Yeah. I hadn't ever seen the original with Arnold Schwarzenegger, and I didn't really want to. I just wanted to do my own interpretation of it. There's so much source material, and I'm hoping it does really well so we can do more.

How did you make the role your own? I weight trained and transformed my body and the way I walked. I studied a lot of big cats—cougars, lions. I wanted him to be nimble and quick. I didn't want him to be this clunky, gigantic man who's throwing boulders and lifting tree trunks. I wanted him to be a product of his environment. It's really an origin story of when he was born, and growing up as a boy, and then it goes into a revenge story. He's an antihero. That's why people like him. He's no bullshit.

Did you do your own stunts? Probably 75 to

80 percent of the stuff. I had some great guys helping me out.

Speaking of Ah-nold, any thoughts on his love child scandal? Nah. I don't even own a TV. I don't have a cell phone.

So you don't follow the Hollywood gossip? No TMZ for you? No, I've got enough shit on my plate. I don't have time. I'd rather study and write and play music—just work with my friends and raise my kids and be with my wife. I just don't have time to watch all that stuff.

That's refreshing, actually. I don't really need to hear positive or negative. Just show up and do your job, you know? And hopefully they'll hire you again. ■

INKED GIRL



GINGER ANDERSEN

**PHOTOS BY
GREG MANIS**

PAGE 60









GINGER ANDERSEN IS A NERD ...

just not the suspender-wearing, protractor-carrying sort. Still, this month's Inked Girl sees no incongruity between her exterior appearance and her self-proclaimed nerdy personality. Case in point: A straight-A report card was the reason she was allowed to get her first tattoo at 16.

After having what she calls "occupational ADD" (some of her previous jobs have included working in car sales, at a photo lab, and for a strip-o-gram company), she now spends her days working as an artist, nerding out at comic book conventions, and sipping tea. Sounds mellow, but make no mistake: There's an underlying hint of badass to Andersen. She doesn't take any shit. Just try asking what pisses her off for a taste of her zestier side. "I hate ignorant or racist comments about my ethnicity," she says emphatically. "When I say I'm half Danish, one of the dumbest things that gets tossed at me is, 'Oh, you mean like the pastry?' Do you ask a French person, 'Oh, like the fry?' No. It's stupid."

For the record, Andersen is half Danish and half Korean, a dual identity reflected in the tattoo on her back that she calls "an Asian-influenced Scandinavian story." The "Southern Raised" script and gold catfish on her thigh are homages to her southern ties: "No matter where I travel in my life, my roots are very southern. The dirty South has raised me since I was 3."

Andersen, who recently moved from Atlanta to Brooklyn, NY, says reactions to her ink differ north of the Mason-Dixon line. "In Brooklyn, the questions are all about where I got my work done, not blatantly ignorant questions like, 'What about when you're old?'" Her response to that ubiquitous query may be one of the better ones we've heard: "It's all sex in the dark after a certain age anyway, so who cares?" Good point. In the debate of Ginger versus Mary Ann, we're Ginger all the way.
—Melanie Rud



American Apparel lace bodysuit;
VonZipper sunglasses.
Page 61: NYC Boutique white
shawl, karmaloop.com; Huit thong.
Page 62: Jenna Leigh Lingerie
underwear and bra; American
Apparel lace T-shirt. Page 63: Mimi
Holliday underwear.

Hair and makeup: Asia Geiger
at celestineagency.com
Stylist: Terri Rose

Thunder ROAD

Case the promised land in denim, leather, and studs.

PHOTOS BY ANDREW KUYKENDALL STYLED BY LUKE STOREY

On Zach, Skingraft sleeveless top; Diesel leather pants; Bess studded boots; M. Cohen jewelry.
On Laurel, Junk Food tank top; Levi's shorts; vintage boots.





On Michaelangelo, Levi's denim jacket and jeans; Ray-Ban sunglasses; El Canto boots; vintage hat and belt. On Cambria, Kahlo top; H&M bikini bottoms; vintage boots. On Zach, Bess camouflage jacket; Rick Owens T-shirt; Levi's jeans; Ann Demeulemeester boots; M. Cohen bracelets; model's own rings.



Diesel T-shirt and leather pants; Ksubi studded jacket; M. Cohen jewelry; Ben Sherman combat boots.

Villains & Vagabonds
T-shirt; Comme des
Garçons shorts; M.
Cohen jewelry.



On Michaelangelo, Ksubi studded vest; Rebel Yell T-shirt; Levi's jeans; vintage hat. On Stephane, Diesel T-shirt and leather pants; M. Cohen jewelry.



Ksubi studded vest; Villains & Vagabonds T-shirt; Levi's jeans; Underground boots; M. Cohen jewelry.

M. Cohen
necklaces;
model's
own rings.





On Stephane, Obey
Clothing skull tank top;
Diesel leather pants;
Ben Sherman combat
boots; M. Cohen jewelry.
On Zach, Rick Owens
shirt; Y-3 shorts; Ann
Demeulemeester boots;
M. Cohen jewelry.

Assistant stylist: Lauren Messiah
Grooming: Melissa Walsh
Models: Stephane Olivier and Zach
at Photogenics; Cambria Kube at Vision
Models; Laurel Stovall at LA Models;
Michaelangelo
Car: 1964 Thunderbird provided
by Michaelangelo



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Model: Yeonji Williams / Photo: Edwin Villanueva - Evolve Photography

INKED SCENE

ICON. ARTIST PROFILE. SKETCHBOOK.

"Tattooing is different occupations simultaneously: You have to be an artist; you have to be a doctor in that you listen to people's problems and practice good hygiene; your machine is acting up and so you have to be a mechanic."
—Mike Rubendall

PHOTO BY DUSTIN COHEN



inked scene | ICON



MIKE RUBENDALL

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BY MARISA KAKOULAS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DUSTIN COHEN

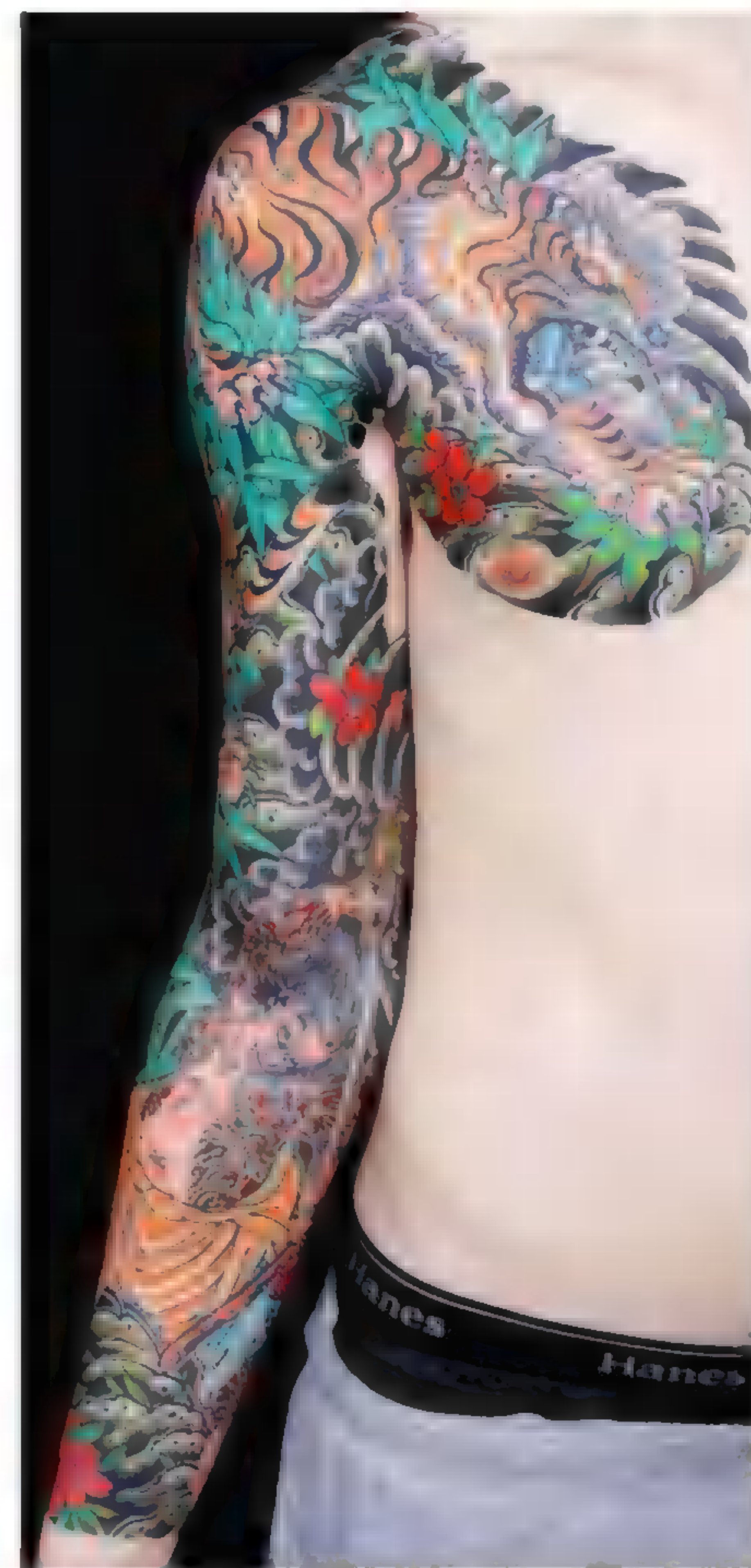
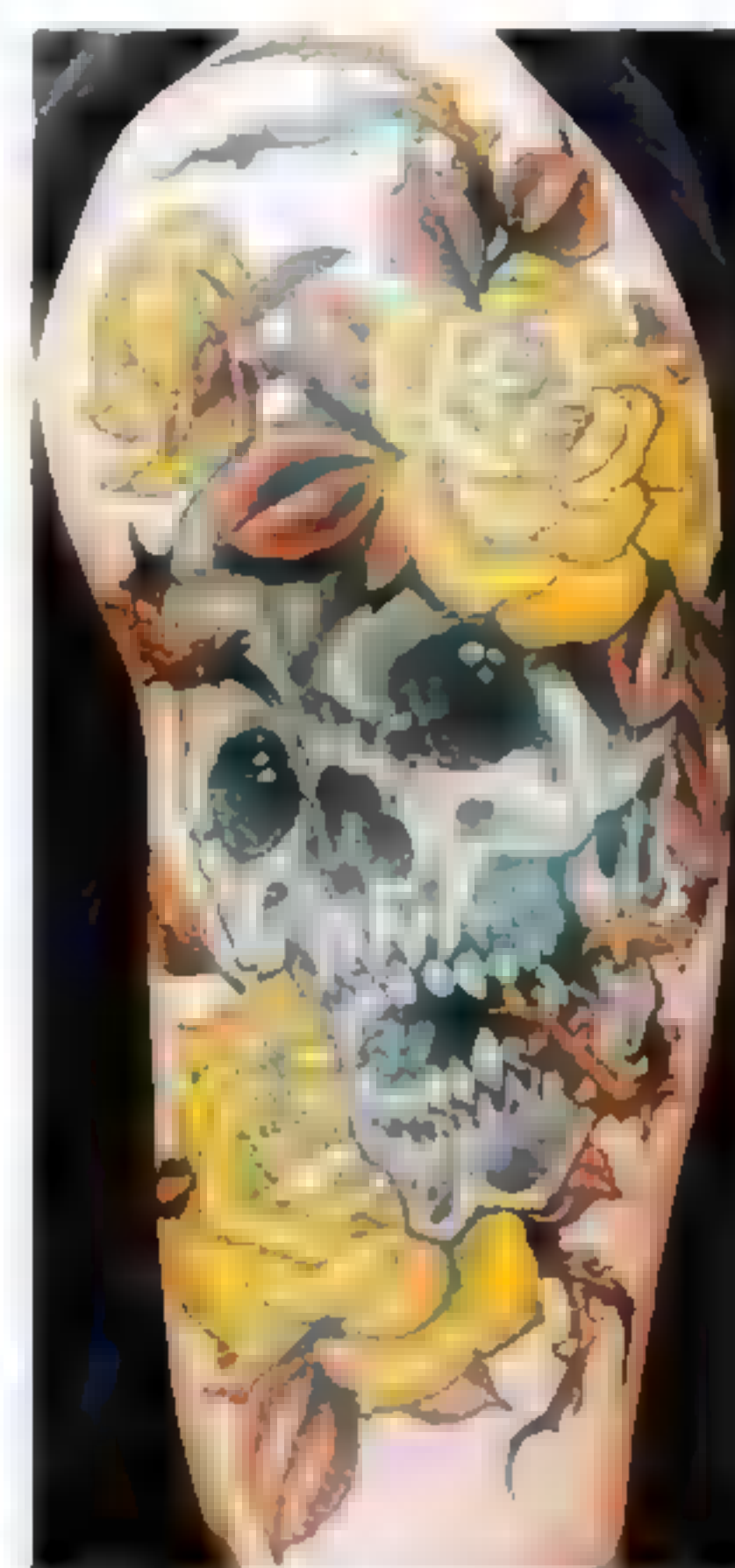
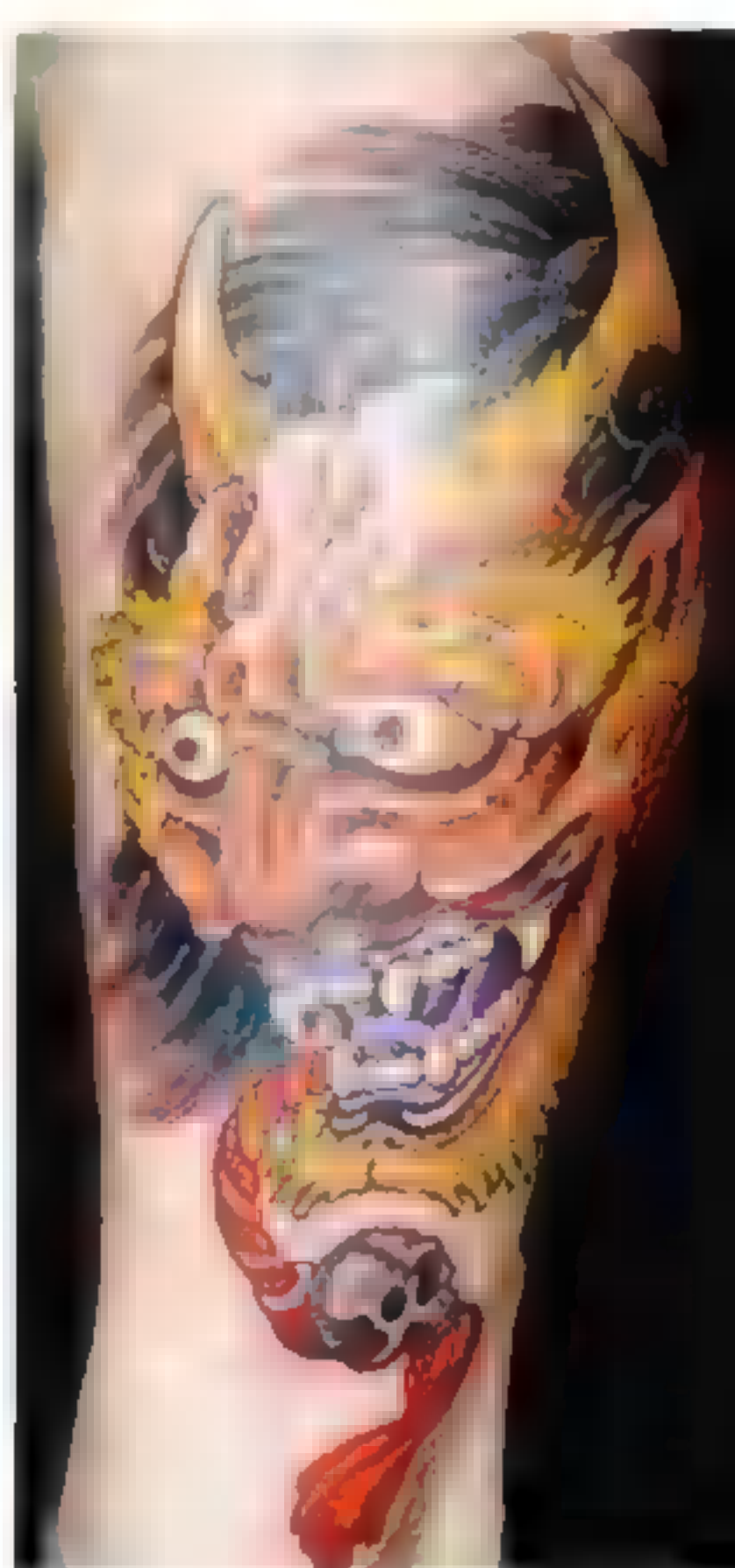
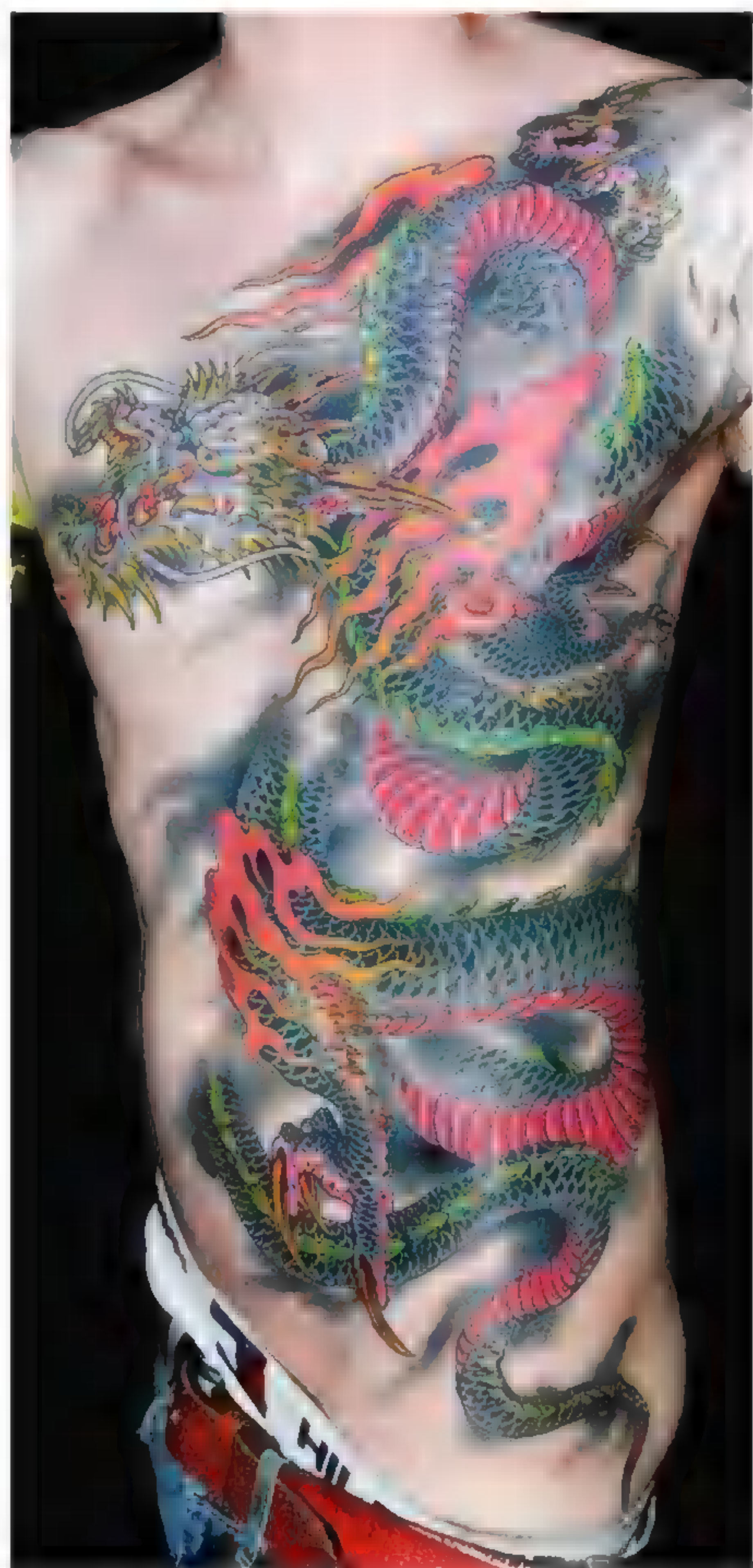
Mike Rubendall is the tattoo artist's tattooer. More than half of his clientele are fellow artists from all over the world who come to "Rube" for his contemporary approach to traditional Japanese tattoo style. Each client, tattooer or not, receives a meticulously researched, dynamic work of art, and that's why they've been making the trip out to Kings Avenue Tattoo in Massapequa, Long Island, NY, where Rubendall was born and raised. Now the tattoo commute has gotten much shorter, with the opening of a new Kings Avenue on The Bowery, once the gritty center of New York City's tattoo scene. In this interview, Mike talks about the new shop, his grueling start in the business, and what it's like to tattoo a dead body.

INKED: How did Kings Avenue Tattoo on the Bowery come to be?

MIKE RUBENDALL: It's something I've always dreamed of and wanted to do, to be in Manhattan. I felt that we missed out on a lot of opportunities being outside of the energy of the art world and tattooing in NYC. I've never been a fan of opening multiple shops, but Grez, who's leading the [Bowery] shop, was pushing for it. He kept saying: "C'mon, let's do it. There are a lot of great things going on now in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and we should be a part of it." He kind of talked me into it, and I couldn't do it without him. We opened in April, and he's basically running the show there, while I

come in part-time because I have to be in Massapequa; that's my home and that shop needs more attention now that Grez is gone. We luckily hired a lot of new talent, and I feel like this is a new era for Kings Avenue. I think that all of us collectively—with our peers and friends in Manhattan and Brooklyn—could help redefine New York tattooing.

What do you mean by "redefine New York tattooing"? There's a lot of good art and ideas going on now that might be overlooked, and I think we might be able to fill the void and be the missing link to bring everyone together—to make it kind of like what San Francisco was back in the day with [Ed



Hardy's] Tattoo City and [Eddy Deutsche's] 222 Tattoo—and have New York be one of the meccas of tattooing again. I feel like some of the magic has been lost—maybe not “lost,” but overlooked.

The Bowery was once the heart of tattooing in New York City. Do you ever feel the ghosts of tattooists past there? That's why we liked the whole idea of being on The Bowery. Our forefathers have done so much there. They lived and died on The Bowery. Hopefully we can resurrect it, make it more exciting again.

You talked about the magic of tattooing. What is that magic for you? That's a good question. I always felt that tattooing had a magic lure for me but I could never put my finger on it. I guess it was the rough-and-tumbleness, the whole mystique. When I got into it in 1995, it was more or less a closed trade and any information you got, you got on your own. There was no internet; there were only a few magazines. You really had to dig for tips and tricks, and good types of inks, needles, and machines. It was fun. It was special. Nowadays, it's easily accessible via media, internet, different supply companies, and television. Even though televi-

sion made it more accepted and has done some good, it kind of killed the whole mystique of tattooing. It lost its edge. So I'm thankful that I grew up in it during a time when it was still kind of shady and interesting.

When did you get started in the business? I was 17 when I started. I apprenticed under Frank Romano [owner of Da Vinci Tattoo Studio] for a year and a half and then continued to tattoo there for about 10 years before I opened up Kings Avenue in 2005.

In an interview with the *Long Island Press*, you described your apprenticeship as “grueling, demeaning, and humiliating.” Could you tell us more about that? [Laughs.] When I look back on it, it was one of the best experiences of my life, even though while it was happening it was the worst experience. I was young and naive, and I felt that at times I was going to have a nervous breakdown. But it was very intriguing to me and I wanted to do whatever it took to get my foot in the door. It's like I was saying before about tattooers keeping their trade secrets close to the chest—well, Frank was a firm believer of that and felt that if you want

it, you got to earn it. It also helped me to grow up, seeing how Frank handled himself and the business, dealing with clients—and at the time it wasn't the best clientele to deal with. It was overall a great experience even though it was grueling.

What do you think is one of the most important lessons you've learned in tattooing? There's no substitute for hard work. I never felt like I had any type of natural talent or that I was gifted. I would get discouraged when I couldn't portray my ideas on skin. It's a tricky and tremendously hard medium. Tattooing is also different occupations simultaneously: You have to be an artist; you have to be a doctor in that you listen to people's problems and practice good hygiene; your machine is acting up and so you have to be a mechanic. There are so many things into one. It's a lot of hard work but anything worth doing usually is.

What do you think is the biggest mistake tattooers make today? As for new tattooers, I would say the biggest mistake is getting ahead of themselves. I think the new generation is running before they are crawling. They are taking on these epic pieces, and they don't really grasp the funda-

inked scene | ICON



mentals. That can be a huge problem. For experienced tattooers, I've always been puzzled by the attitude thing. When I'd meet a guy who I always looked up to and admired his work, and then he was a complete asshole, I'd immediately dislike his work. I've always felt in the back of my head that I'd never want to be that guy. And it's especially important to have a good attitude with clients. You want the overall experience to be outstanding. Tattooing is an intimidating process, and I always take that into consideration. People don't know what they're getting into and you have to explain it every time [to each new client], saying the same thing over and over, but you got to remember that people will remember this experience for the rest of their lives. It sounds corny and cliché, but you want to make it count and make it a good memory.

What is the tattoo that you've done that sticks out most in your memory? I had a crazy experience that I've never spoken of before. It happened about two years ago. Over the years, I've tattooed a funeral director. When I first started tattooing, I wanted to get good as fast as possible so, as an apprentice, I would do free tattoos on him. Since he worked at a funeral home, we always talked about tattooing dead people. "Was it possible?" and this and that. We never did it, but flirted with the idea. Then he calls me out of nowhere and says, "Listen to this: Unfortunately, this gentleman passed away. He's got four children and he's only got three tattooed on his arm, so his wife wants him to be buried with [the name of] the fourth child, who is only about 20 months old. Will you do it?" I said I'd do it. I felt it would be a good experience, and I'd be helping the family out and give the wife some closure. It was creepy when I got into the funeral

"THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HARD WORK. I NEVER FELT LIKE I HAD ANY TYPE OF NATURAL TALENT OR THAT I WAS GIFTED."

home. The guy was all prepped on the table, naked. It was a creepy, quiet feeling almost like the movie *The Shining* where everything is really silent. I was really freaked out at first. I didn't know how the skin would react and if the ink would take, but after a few minutes, it just felt like I was doing a regular tattoo. By the end, I was so comfortable that I helped with his other tattoos. He had gotten into an accident and had road rash where some of his tattoos had scraped off. They were putting makeup on the tattoos but they were doing it all wrong so I offered to help. It was an amazing experience. That's what stands out as one of the moments that, in a million years, you'd never imagine you'd be doing.

What was the skin like on a dead body? It was super rubbery. He was half embalmed already, and I didn't know if fluid would come out since he didn't have any blood in him. I had no idea what was going to happen. I asked [the director] if I would tear this guy open and he just said, "I don't know." So I took the legal route and had releases signed. I guess I couldn't make him any worse than he already was, but it went in fine. The skin was tougher than normal, and you couldn't go over and over; you had to make one pass and that was it, and whatever was there, it had to be.

Let's talk about the type of tattooing you're renowned for, which is a modern take on Japanese work. How did you develop your style and make it your own? I think it occurred indirectly from me being interested in other styles like Tibetan, Chinese, and then the other spectrum, like black-and-gray realistic and horror stuff. I just take bits and pieces of different aspects I like from different art and I do my own interpretation of it. That's what comes out. Thinking back to the beginning when I worked for Frank, because it was a street shop, I would do anything that walked in the door, whether I liked it or not. It was a good way of becoming familiar with what I was good at, what I could draw well, what would look good over time and all that.

Do you like to do styles other than Japanese? I have a couple of guys who come in from Europe for black-and-gray, religious, Catholic-style stuff, which I'm super into because I did a lot of that in the beginning of my career and I don't get to do much of it anymore. They know my work, but I'm happy that they let me explore an area that I'm not used to today.

For those traveling from all over to get work from you, how do you manage all the appoint-

ments? I open my [appointment] book twice a year, basically every six months. Throughout the year, we tell people to wait until a specific day to call and show up. On that day, I normally have two people who take appointments, which can book up to 10 or 11 months in advance. That's really the only way to monitor the volume of people. To book more than a year and a half in advance is difficult. You have people coming in from all over the world who book their life around this appointment, and then I go and have a couple of kids and fuck everybody's schedule up, so I really can't plan a year and a half in advance. *[Laughs.]*

Especially because you're having kids almost once a year now! That's it. I'm done. Three is perfect. I have a 3-year-old girl, a 13-month-old girl, and now a newborn boy.

How has being a father impacted your work life? It's incredible, but there's not enough time in the day to do everything you want, so something has to suffer. I rarely go out and socialize, and I don't get to see my friends as much. On the flip side, I really enjoy my family and kids. I'm also eating healthy and exercising regularly and taking care of myself to keep up with them because they have a ton of energy. And that's given me more energy and strength for my tattooing.

Do you ever feel you're going to burn out? Frank asked me that recently because he's always been concerned that I would burn out at this pace, but I've always had a different mentality about it. If you think you're going to burn out, you'll absolutely burn out. But when you feel down and things aren't exactly going your way, just work through it and it always gets better. You can't think about failure.

Is there a particular goal you're striving for? I don't really have a major goal. I just want to be happy. Tattooing makes me happy. I want a good life for my family. I want to keep challenging myself. Just when I think I can't take on something else, I stretch myself and do it. I think that's how we grow. You can't sit back and wait for shit to happen, you have to make it happen.

So that's your personal philosophy? Yeah, I'm into motivational speaking tapes.

Really? Nah. *[Laughs.]* But I am a firm believer in positive thinking. Plant good seeds. Do right by people. And it comes back to you even if you're not looking for it. ■

Photos from Lucky 13 Facebook Fans

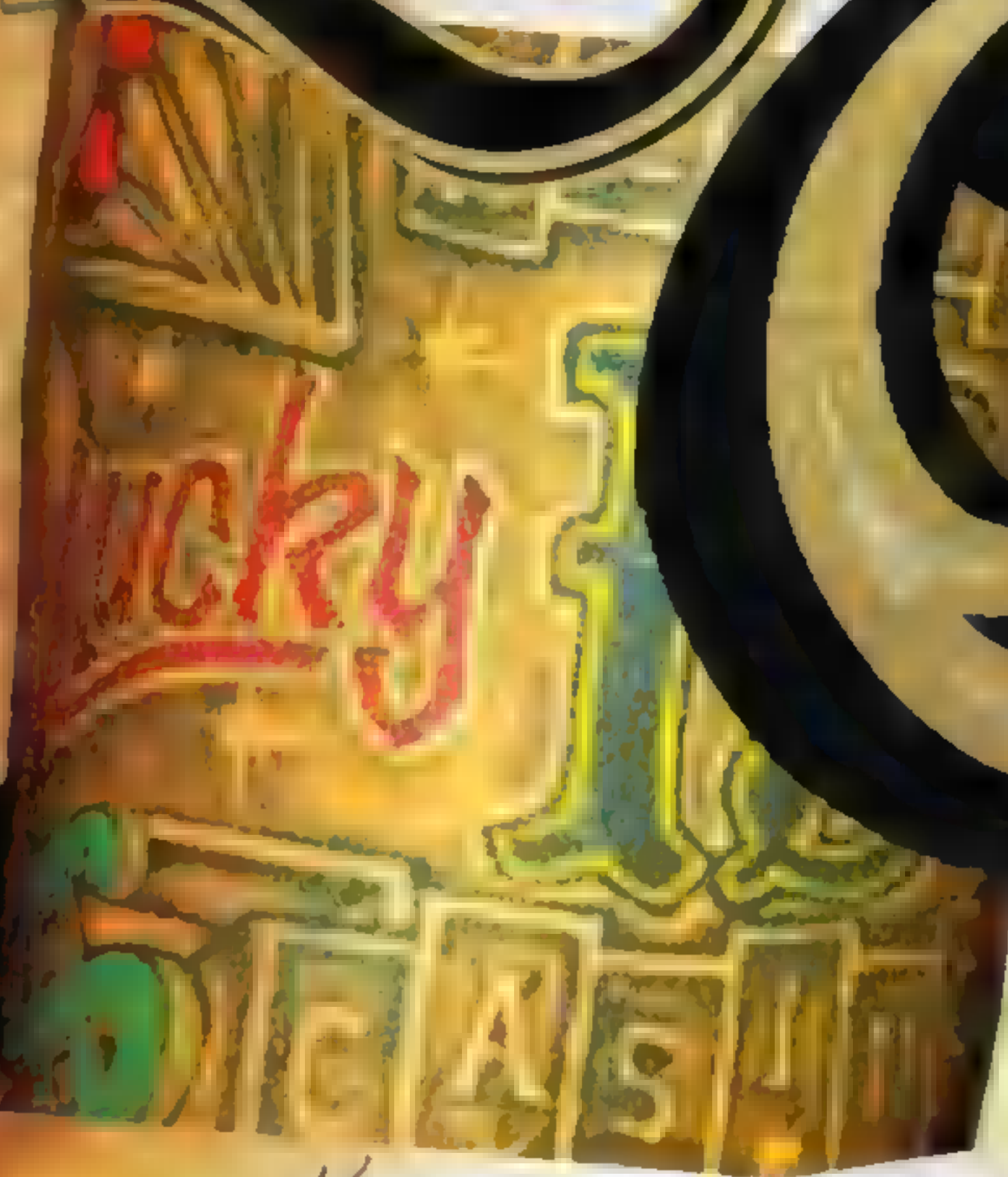
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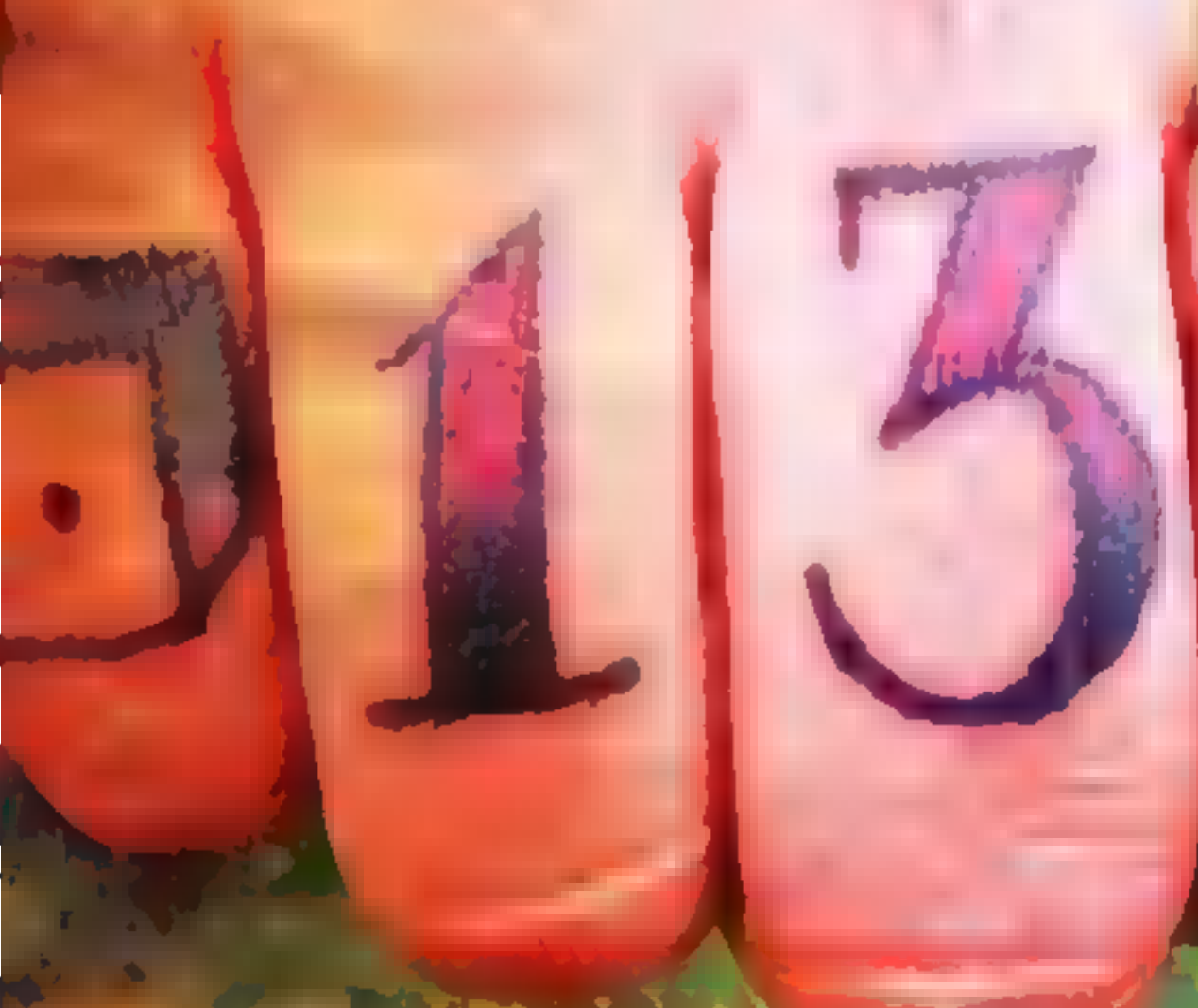
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From left: Abey Alvarez; Krown; Johnny Opina; Laura Santana; Jose Lopez; Gustavo Lopez; Jun Cha.

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BY LANI BUESS
PORTRAIT AND INTERIOR BY ADAM AMENGUAL

Jose Lopez shouldn't be running some of the most influential tattoo shops in Chicano culture; he shouldn't even be alive. At 15, he was hit by a stray bullet that left him confined to a wheelchair. Since then, he's battled depression and addiction, and he lost his home when the housing bubble burst. But with drive and devotion to his craft, he has still managed to catapult himself from tattooing in his apartment 18 years ago in relative obscurity to becoming the owner of three Lowrider Tattoo Studios in California. Along the way, he's received more than 150 awards and the likes of Megan Fox and Jermaine Dupri have gotten work at Lowrider.

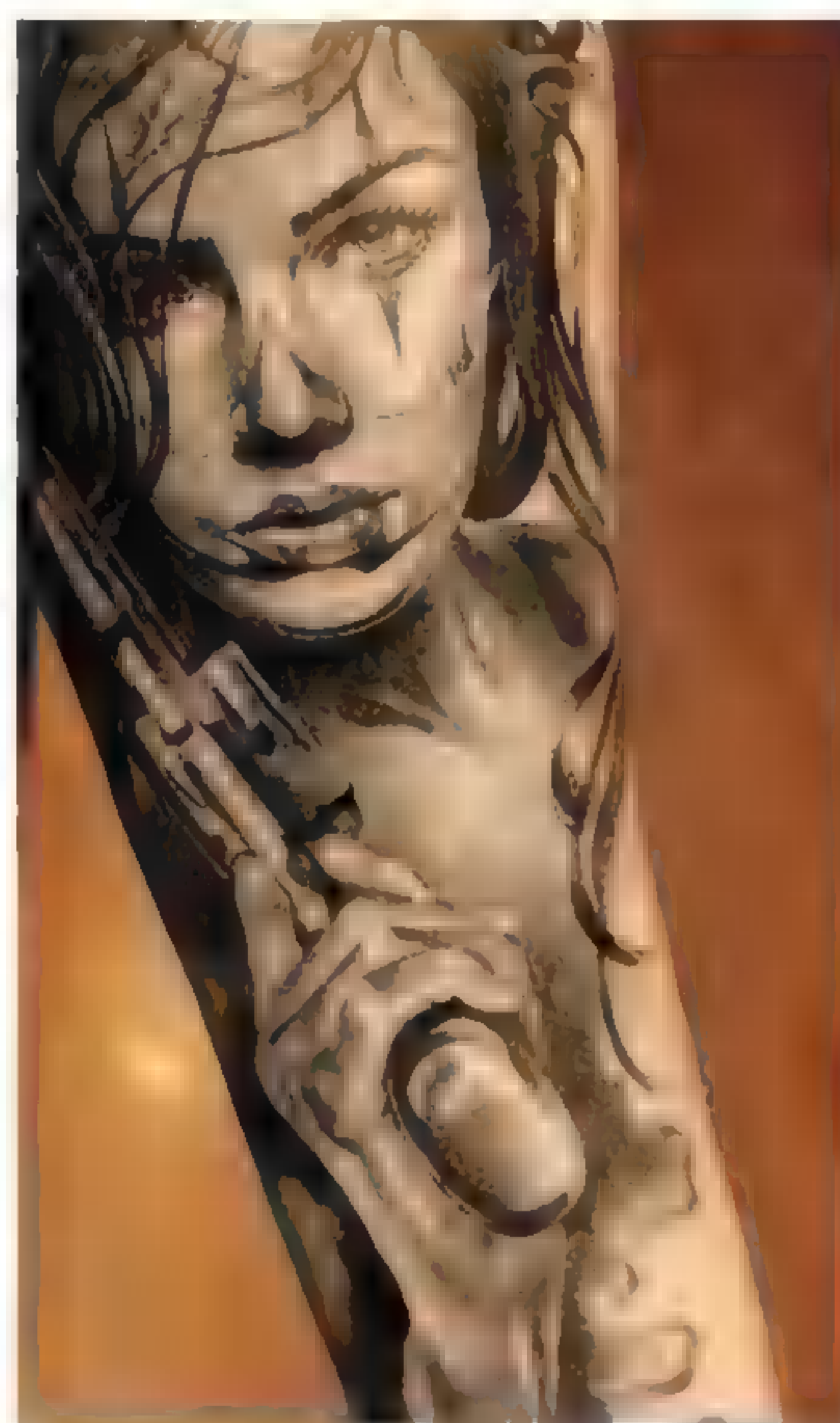
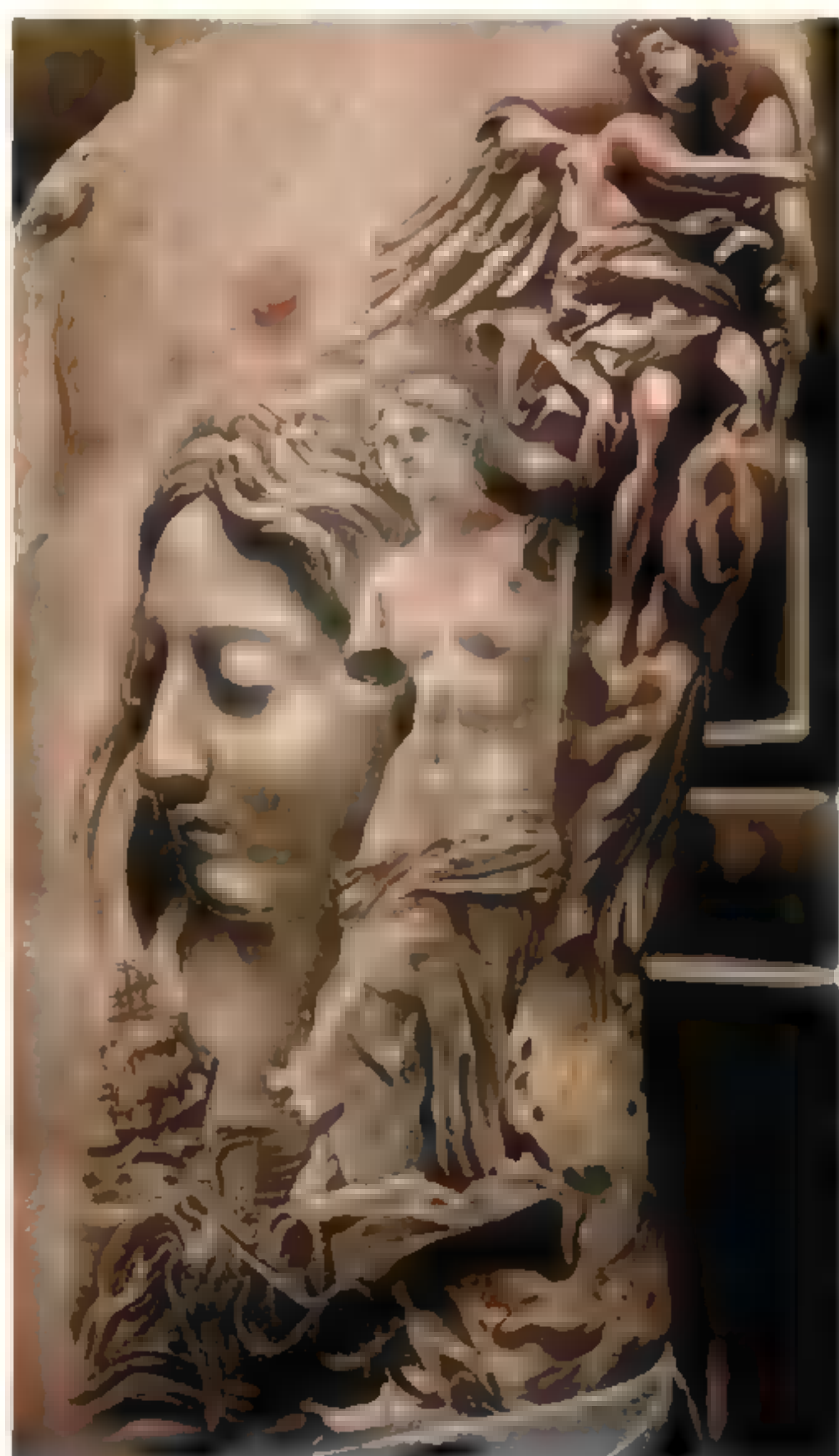
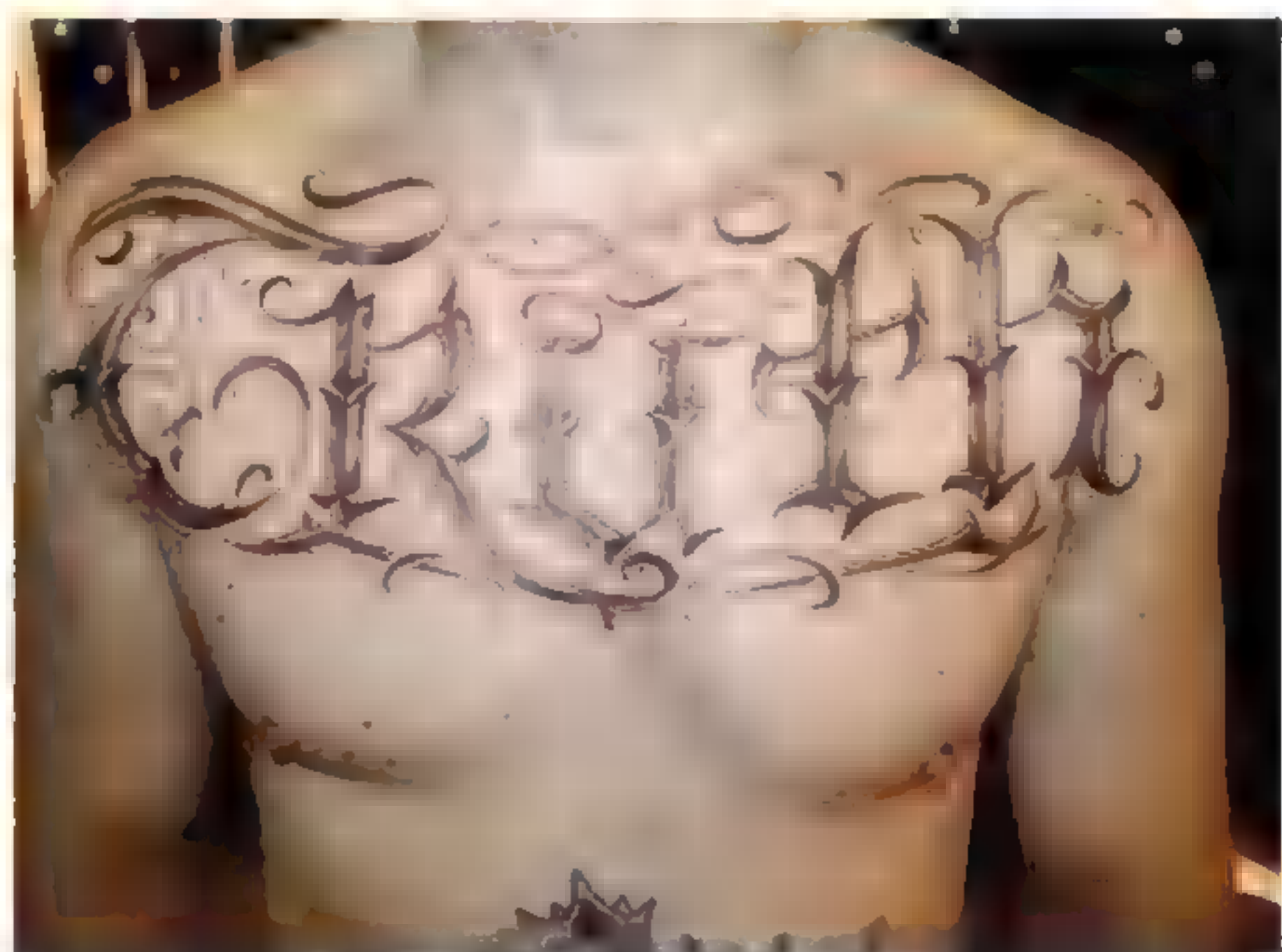
"I wanted to give up so many times," says Lopez of his struggles. "My wife and daughter saw me at my worst moments, and when they should have walked away they chose to stay and help me fight my demons. Art and tattooing are also big factors in my life, they've gotten me through a lot—or they keep me busy, I should say."

Lopez was bitten by the tattoo needle in high school when he watched his friend's father, who had recently been released from prison, tattoo someone in his house. "That was all it took. I was

blown away by what I saw," he says. "Back then, street tattooing was not accessible like it is now; it used to be more underground. If you knew someone who did it or, better yet, if you did it yourself, it gave you a lot of street cred. Right after that I bought a homemade machine."

But two months later, "destiny had a bad joke in mind for me," says Lopez. After getting shot he spent six months in the hospital and thought his dream of tattooing was over. "I was devastated," he says. "My whole childhood was taken from me. When I realized I would never walk again I cried like a baby. It was impossible to talk to anyone." Solace came in the form of *Lowrider Arte*. He began to draw with the hope that his artwork would be displayed in the magazine. Having reached that goal by winning two consecutive magazine art contests, he found his calling, as well as the name for his future tattoo studios.

Raised in Mexico until the age of 12, Lopez is inspired by Mexican revolutionaries such as Miguel Hidalgo and Emiliano Zapata, and the Los Angeles Chicano street culture. From his wheelchair, he began tattooing in the traditional



Clockwise from top left: tattoo by Johnny Opina; interior of a Lowrider Tattoo shop; tattoo by Jose Lopez; tattoo by Jun Cha; tattoo by Jose Lopez; tattoo by Jun Cha; tattoo by Klown.

Chicano style that surrounded him, a form of tattooing developed amongst Hispanic prison gangs with imagery like "Smile Now, Cry Later" masks that told a story about the bearers. "I never went to jail so I had to do my own interpretations of the stories I would hear from these guys," says the black-and-gray artist. "With time, those images changed from a pretty girl with a sombrero to a beautiful carved statue of an angel, and the 2-D drawing began to be transformed into full 3-D drawings of religious subjects. All this happened after I realized that there was more out there."

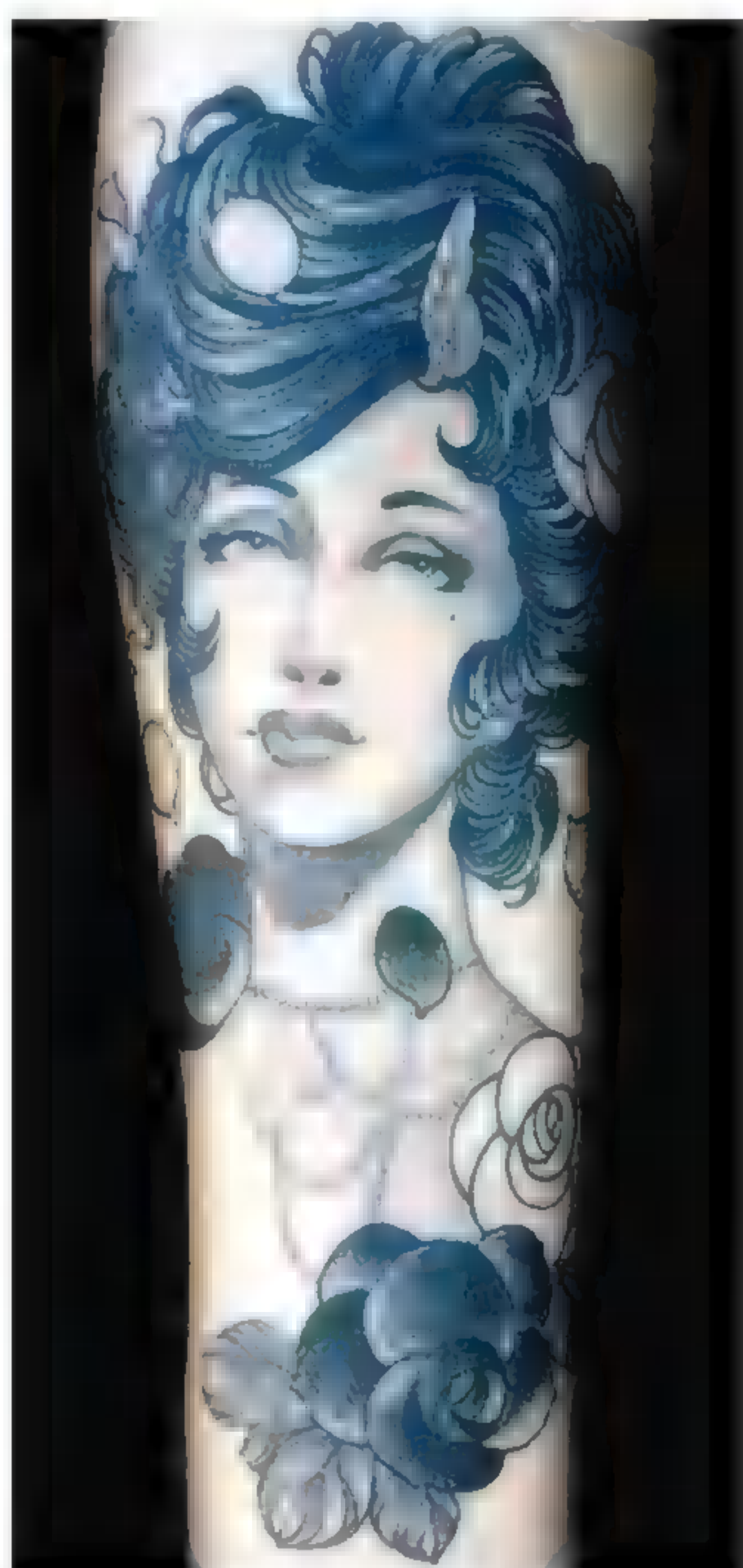
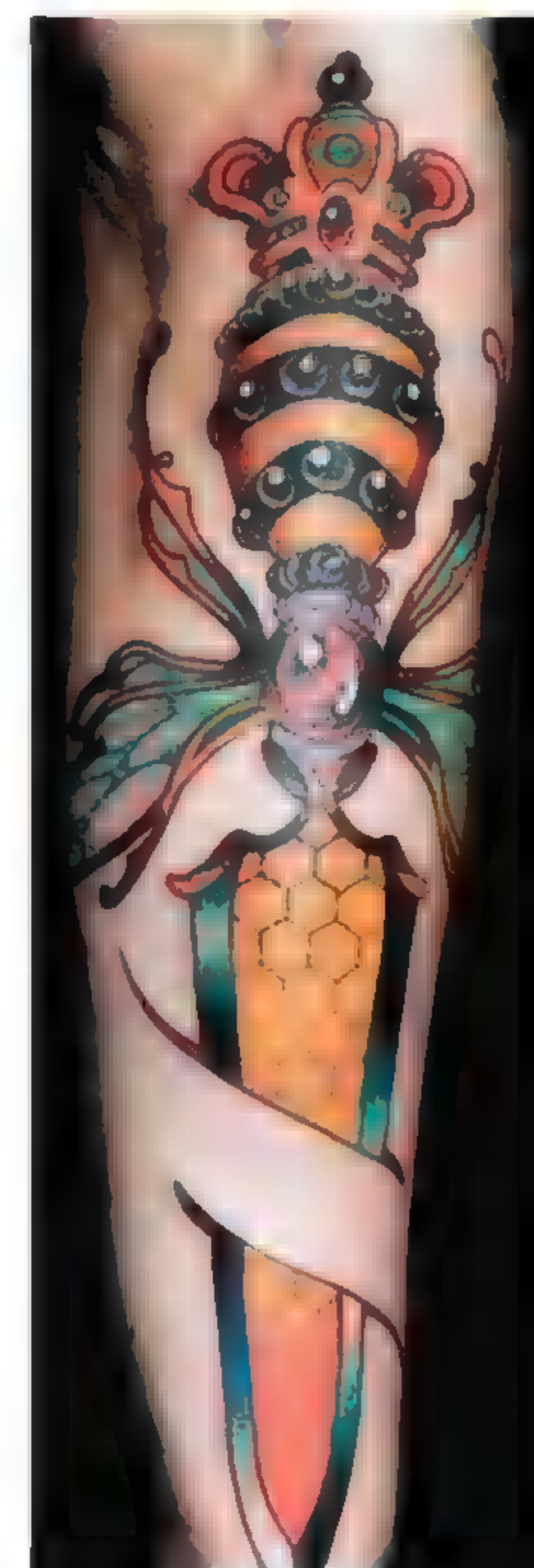
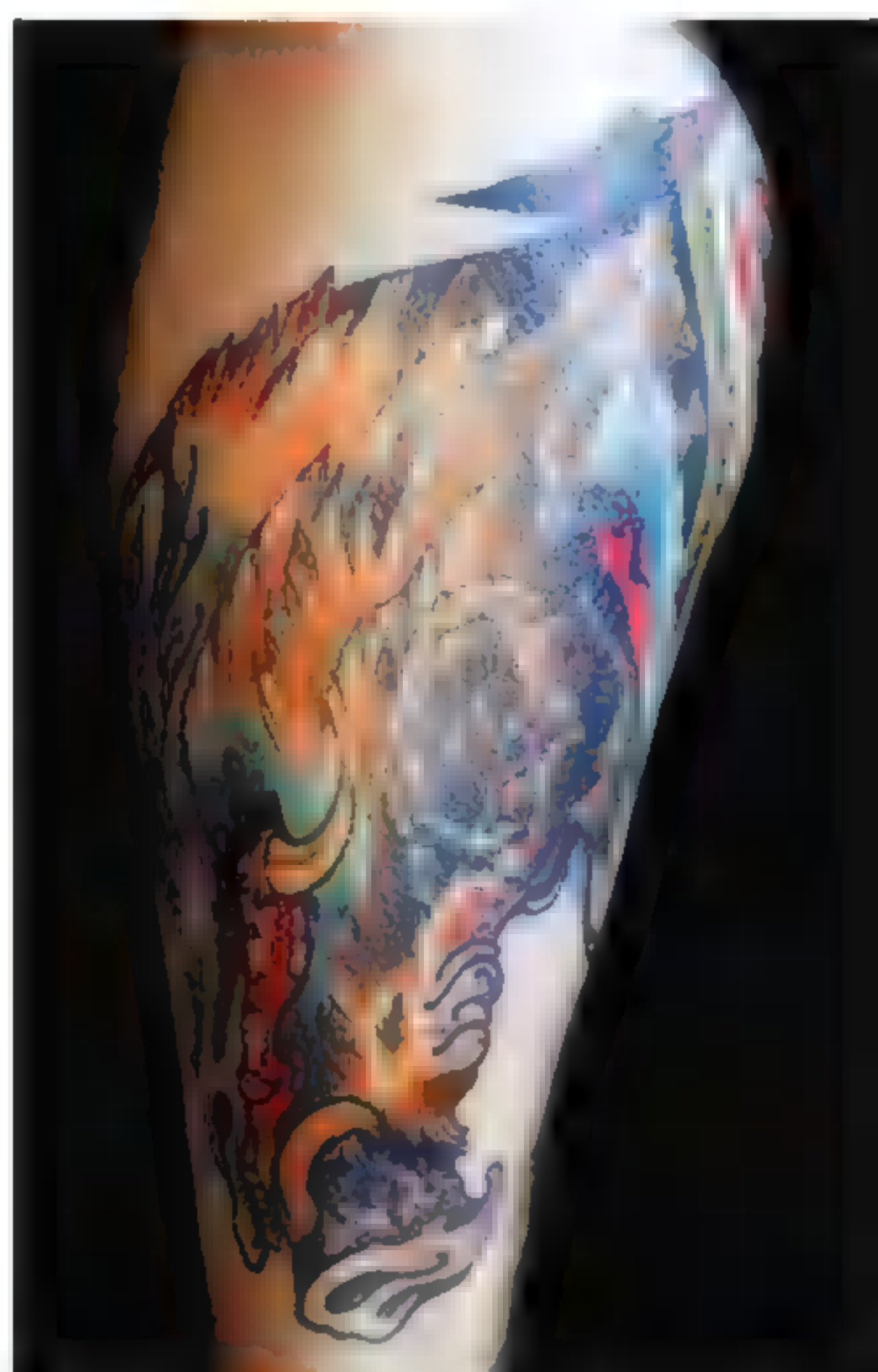
With a name like Lowrider, the emblem of

street style in Chicano communities, an urban vibe is evident at Lopez's studios. "Sometimes it makes people scared and curious at the same time," says Lopez. "All we ask for is the chance to get to know us." What you'll find behind the shop's doors is something special, a unity and dedication that makes his crew the real thing. "Tattooing is our life," Lopez says. "We sacrifice everything to get everything. We all have given our lives to tattooing."

Lopez also has given his patience. He'd rather work with someone who has character—even if they haven't developed their artistic abilities yet—

and invest time in helping them grow as an artist. But that's not to say the shops are low on talent. Lowrider is home to some of the next big names in the industry, including artists Klown and Jun Cha. Not only are they talented, they're the guys who have put their all into the shop, stood by Lopez, picking him up when he has fallen, and encouraged him when he wanted to quit. "I could not do it without my boys," he says. "They say if you have a strong belief in something and work very hard at it, even if you die without accomplishing it, someone else will do it for you. They are the strength that will keep Lowrider Tattoo going forever." ■

inked scene | PROFILE



HENRY LEWIS

FROM: Skull & Sword

VISIT: theskullandsword.com

What do you want to accomplish when you pick up the tattoo gun? Have mad fun ... fuckin' party, you know, just chill with my dawgs.

Why did you become a tattoo artist? After seeing those tattoo shows on TV I figured it'd be easy money, easy to get girls, and I love the rock star lifestyle! It's a high-level art—it's pretty much the same thing as being a doctor. I'm making people's lives better. Ha!

Any horror stories of tattooing early in your career? Yeah, I worked at Mom's Body Shop when I first moved to San Francisco, and I tattooed this woman's inner labia. It was the most difficult thing ever because it kept slipping out of my hand until I had to pull and pinch it to stay in place. And when I started the tattoo—it was a small Old English "n"—I could feel the needle pulsating through the thin skin.

How would you describe your style? Black-man working-class style! Eli Porter meets Malcolm X

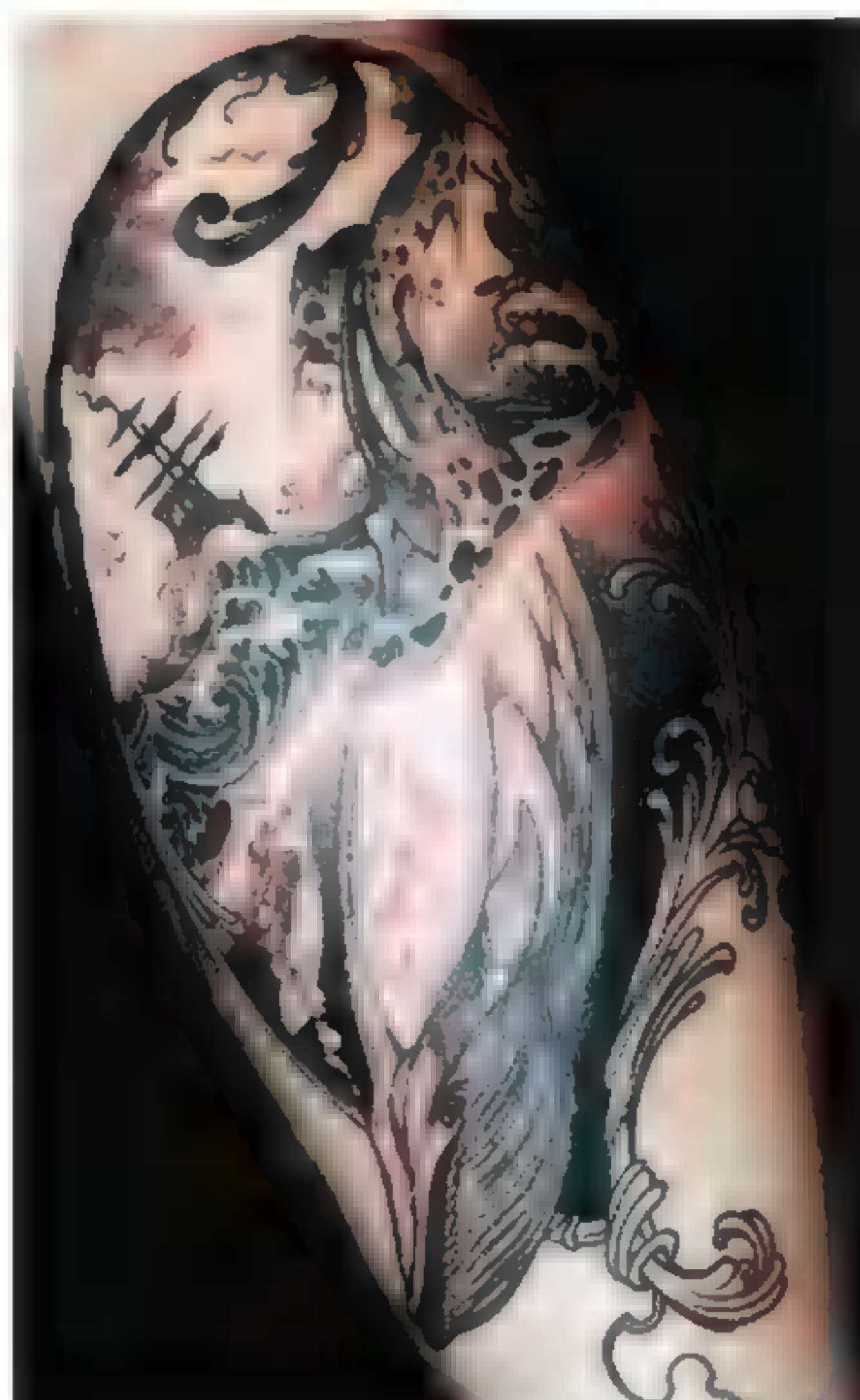
mixed with some Ghostface Killah with a twist of Andy Dick.

How do you think the art world and the tattoo world coexist? Tattoos were a means to further extend my art career. Now it's a completely different animal. They are separate entities that keep each other at bay.

Would you consider tattooing to be a new modern art? Fuck yeah! Thank God for the turn of the century because the pneumatic machines made tattooing the future.

Who are your artistic influences, tattoo or otherwise? Don Ed Hardy, Yutaro [Sakai], Greg Irons, Shawn Barber, Lango, Prince, Dave Waugh, [George] Campise, Aaron Cain, Jason Schroder, Judas Priest, Grime, Bill Salmon, Scott Sylvia, Tim Lehi, Mike Davis, and Lady Gaga, to name a few.

Is there any tattoo that you haven't yet done but would like to? An owl. I love owls.



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REV THEORY'S JULIEN JORGENSEN

inked scene | SHOP TALK

NAME: Rosario Boga

SHOP GIRL AT: Dedicated Tattoo, Temecula, CA

WHEN MY FRIEND CALLED ME and told me that the shop was looking for a shop girl, I knew it was my time to shine. I've been to a few tattoo shops here and there, but working at one? What more can you ask for?

AS A SHOP SLAVE, I make sure everything runs smoothly and give the artists a stress-free working space. I do everything from setting up to breaking down. In other words, I'm the mama of the shop.

I WOULD DEFINITELY LOVE TO get into tattooing, but I'm not even remotely close to being artistic enough. I try and get into drawing here and there but there's no hope for my drawing skills. I'll just stick to poking holes for now.



Know a stellar shop assistant who keeps the autoclave humming and the tattoo stations organized? E-mail us at shopgirl@inkedmag.com.

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TRUTH & TRIUMPH

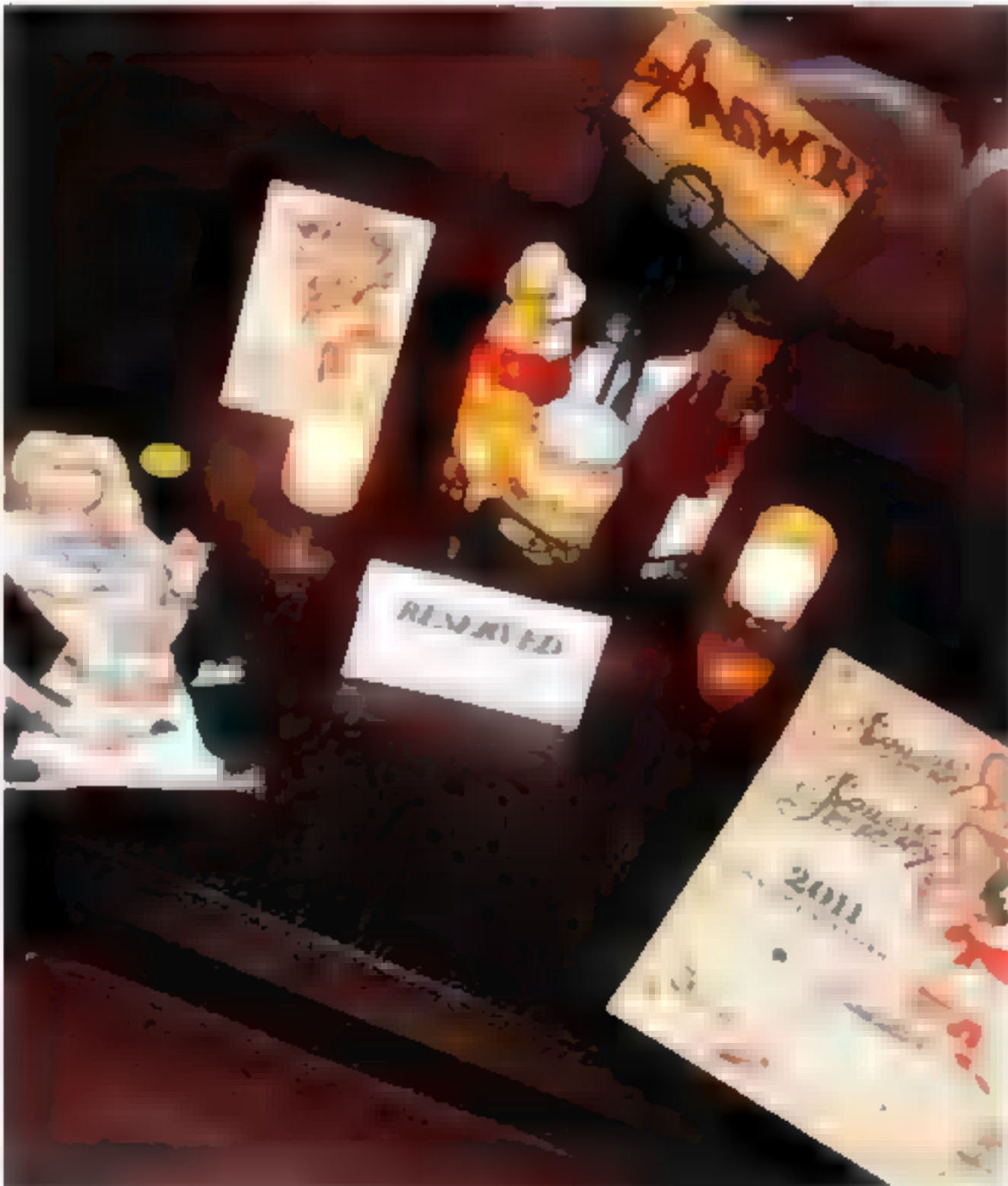
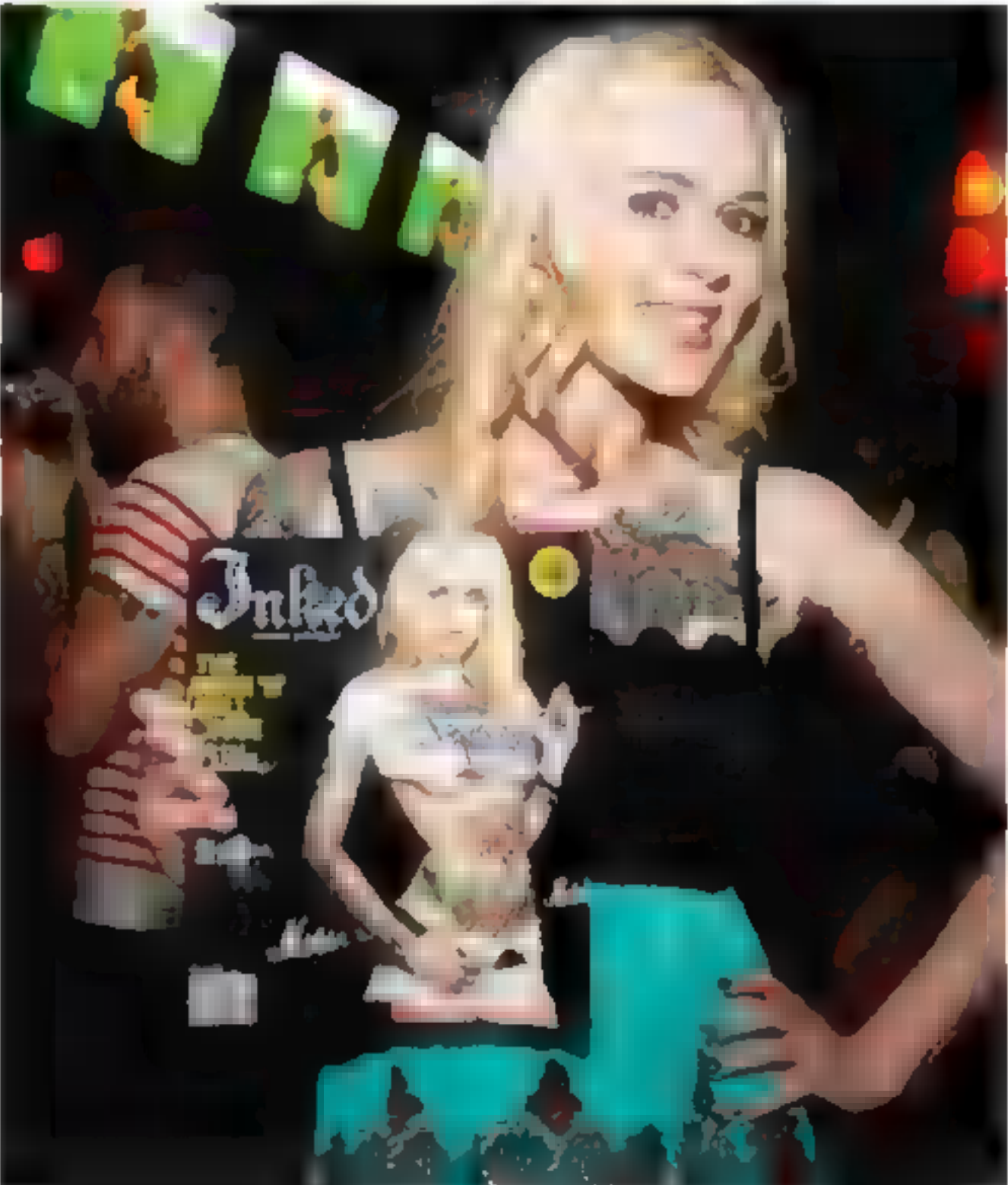


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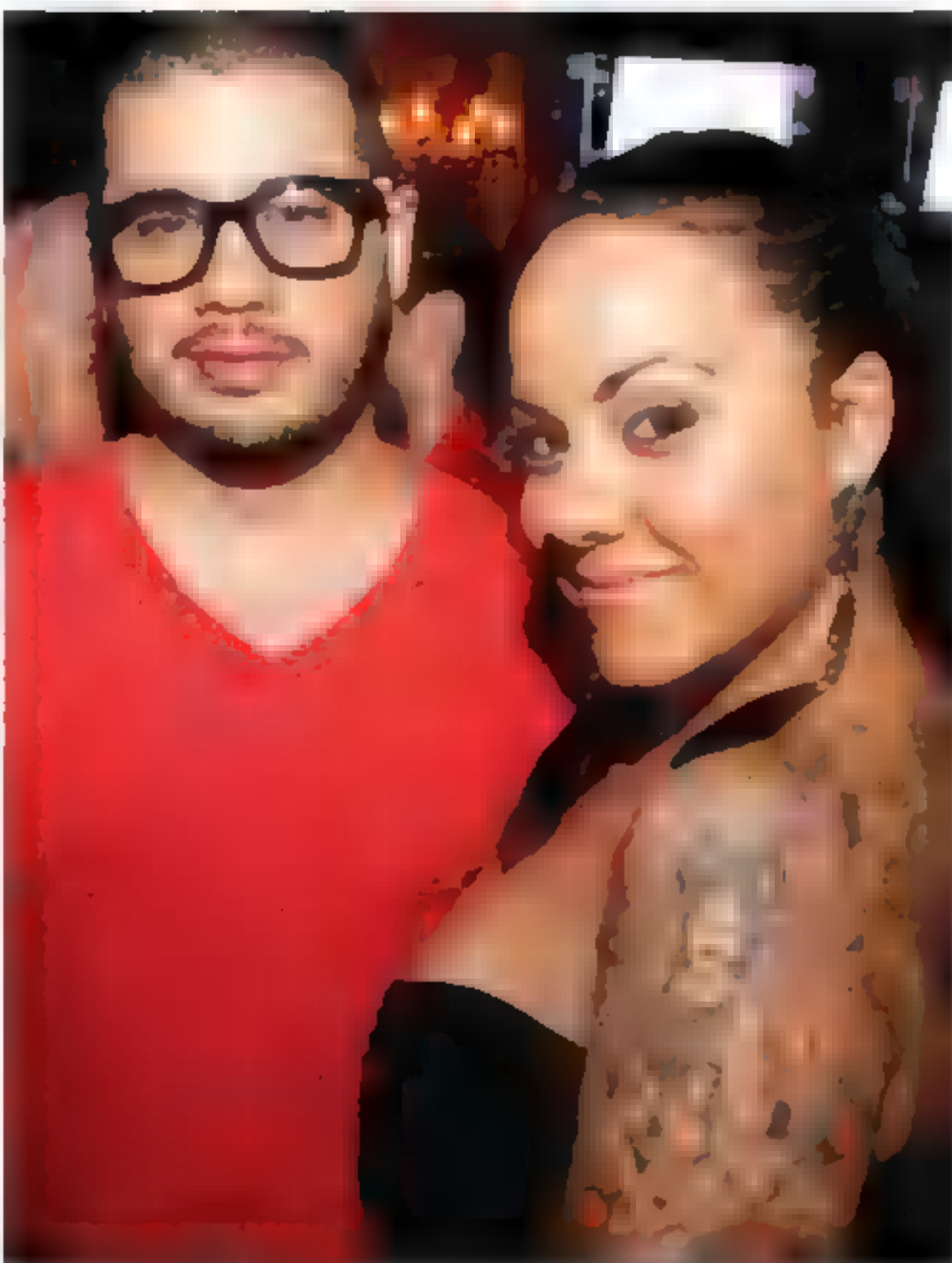
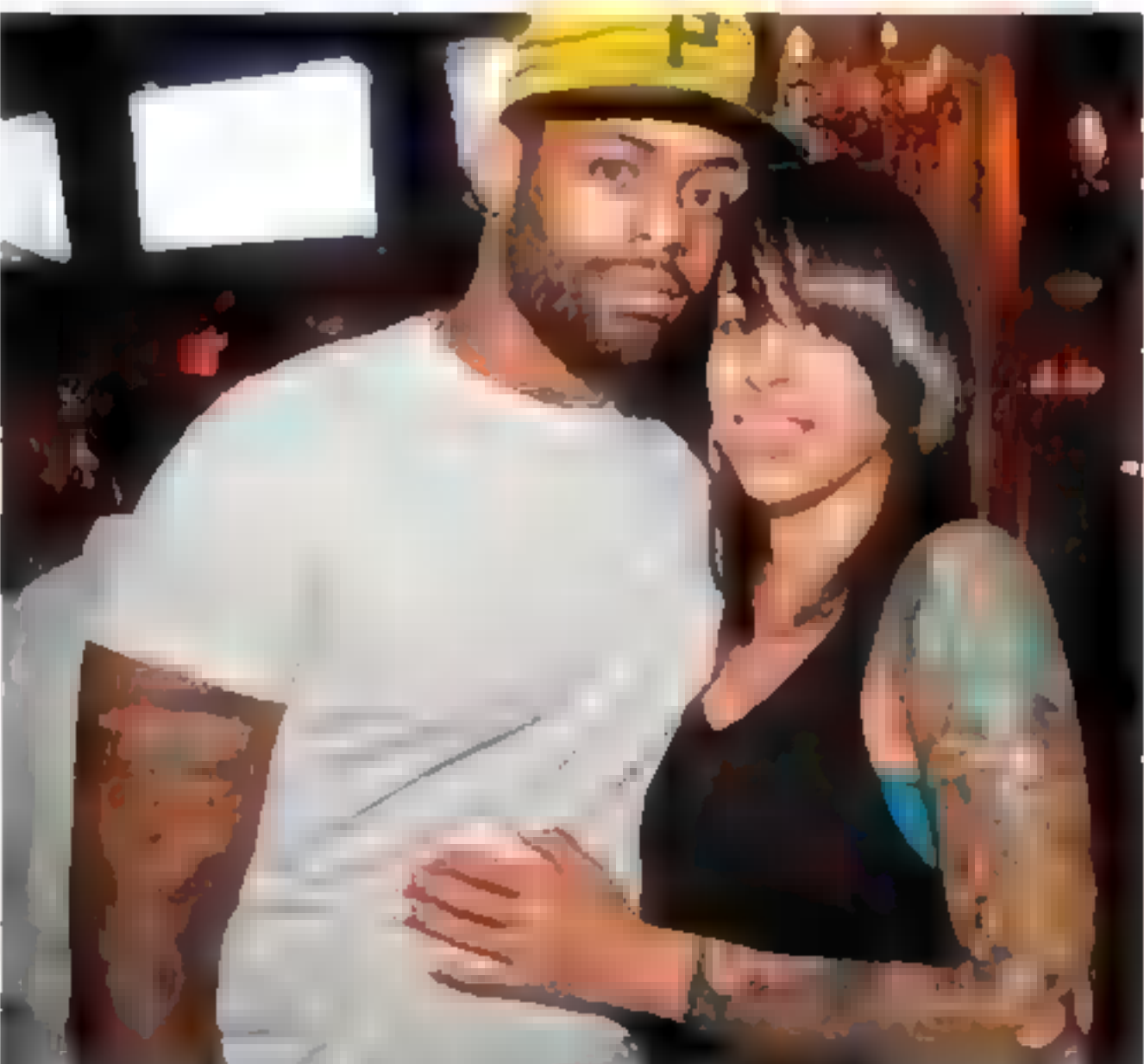
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ROCK 'N' ROLL ISSUE RELEASE AT AINSWORTH

We threw our June/July release party at Brian Mazza's Ainsworth with a little help from Sailor Jerry Rum and our friends. Models from the issue came, including Leah Jung (top left) and Cat King (above, left), and we met more girls who should grace the pages of INKED. Tell us through letters@inkedmag.com if you'd like to see more of any of the revelers. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



Black Market Art Company



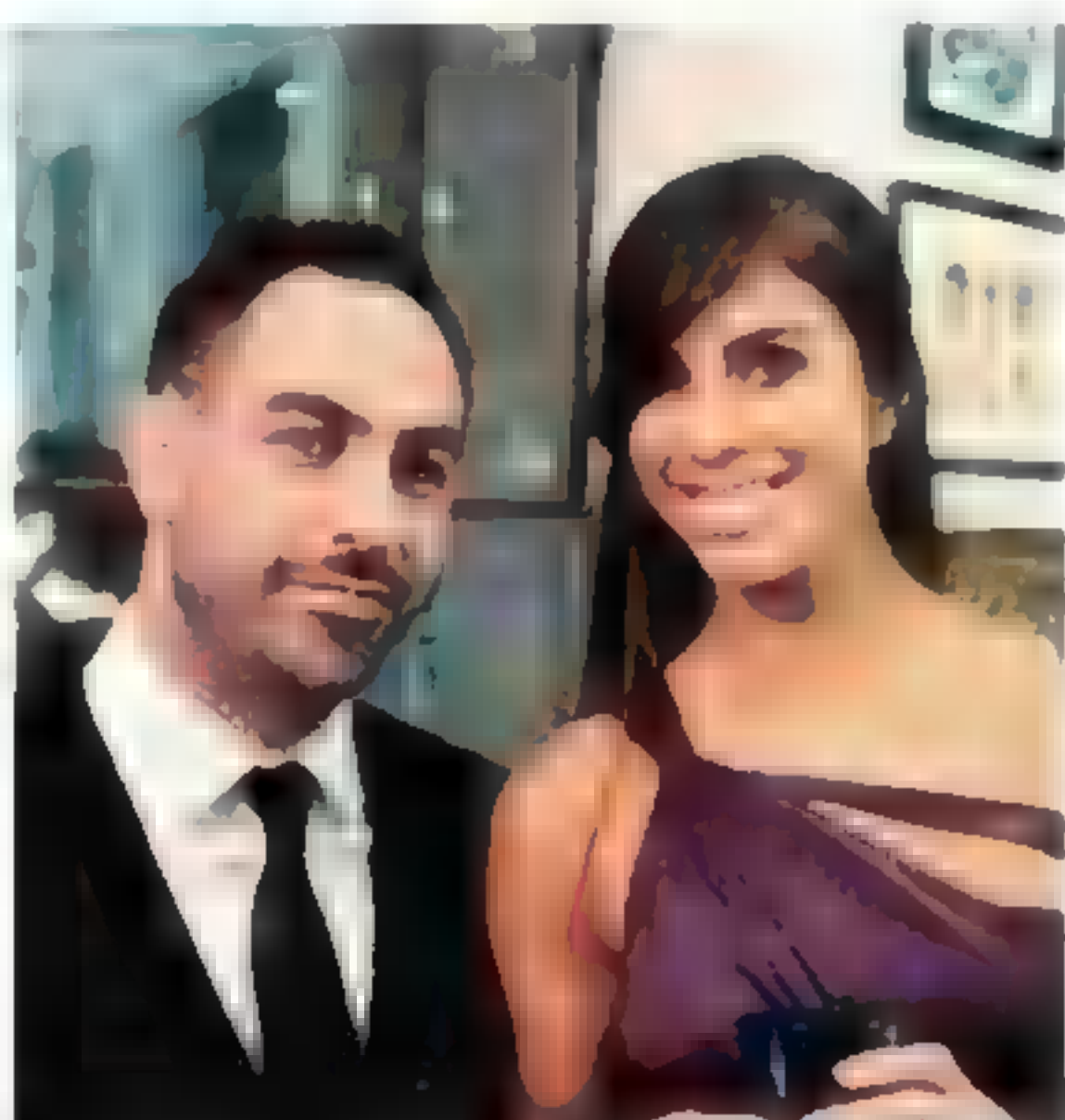
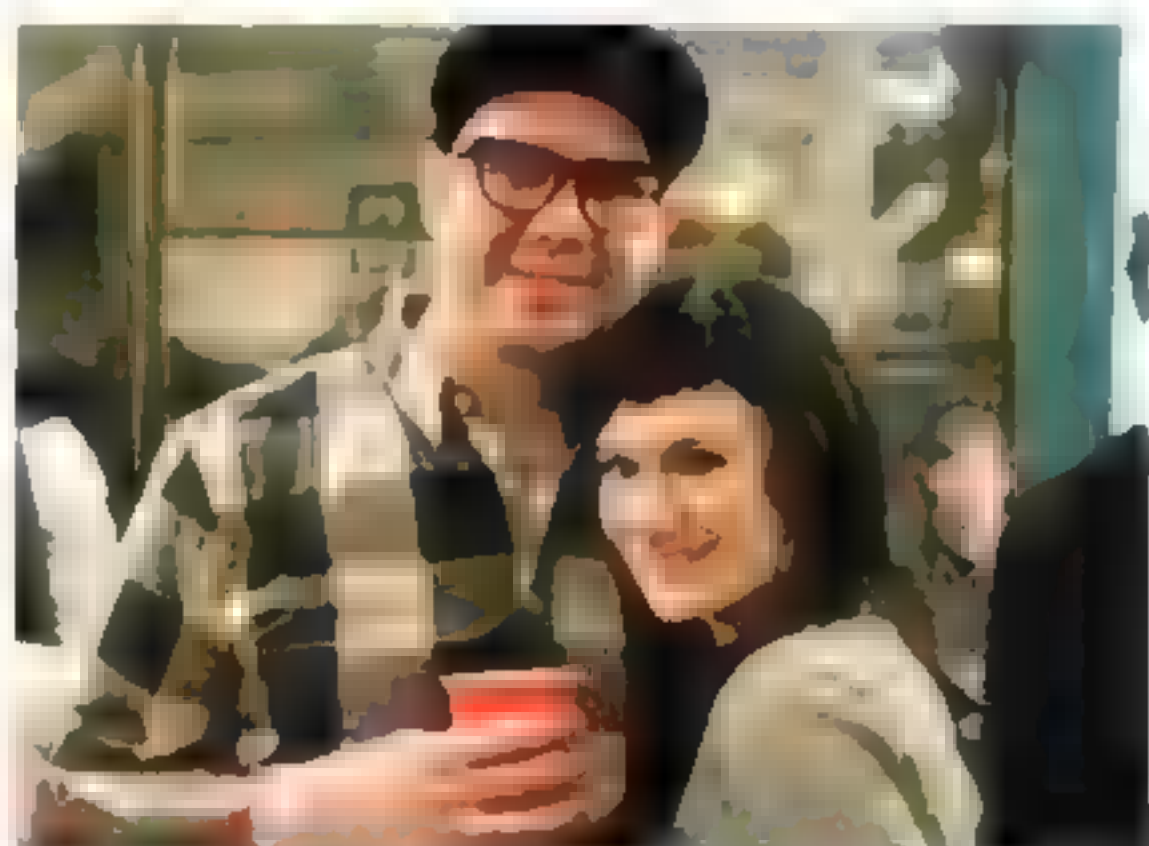
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KINGS AVENUE OPENING

Friends, family, and people carrying his art were on hand to congratulate and toast this issue's "Icon" Mike Rubendall on opening his new Kings Avenue shop on New York City's Bowery. The new space combines the attitude of the old-school Bowery shops of yore with an industrial feel and Rubendall's vibrant aesthetic. **For more photos go to inkedmag.com.**



BLACK BANDITZ OPENING

The Black Banditz tattoo shop/music venue/place to play and be seen opened up in grand style on Melrose. To gain entry into the fete, cool folk like Gene Simmons's son Nick and Playmate of the Year Jayde Nicole donated to VH-1 Save the Music. Rad! **For more photos go to inkedmag.com.**



KINGS AVENUE, VALENTINA RAMOS; THE BLACK BANDITZ, ALEKS KOCEV

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Photo: Malachi | eternalposse.com
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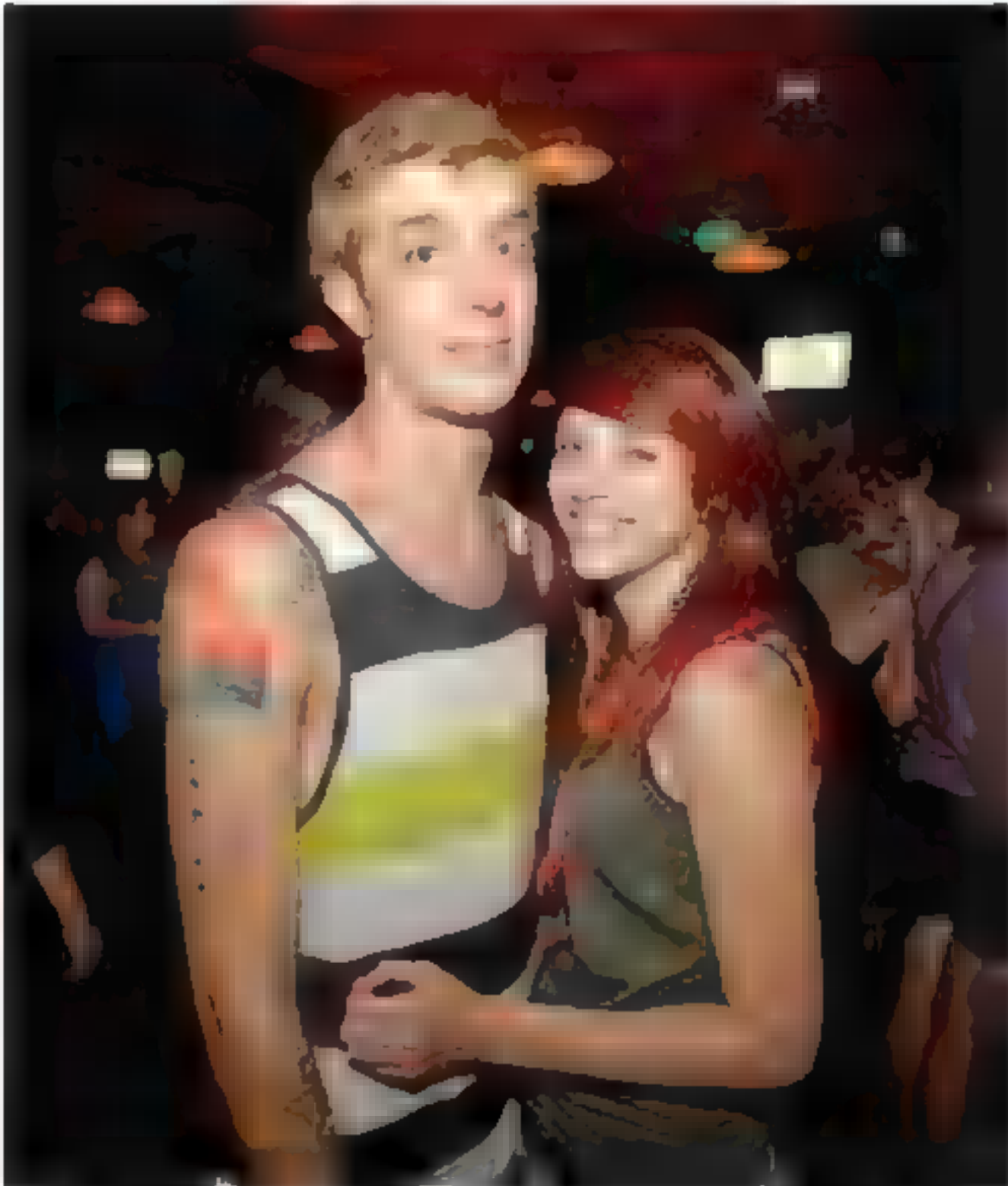


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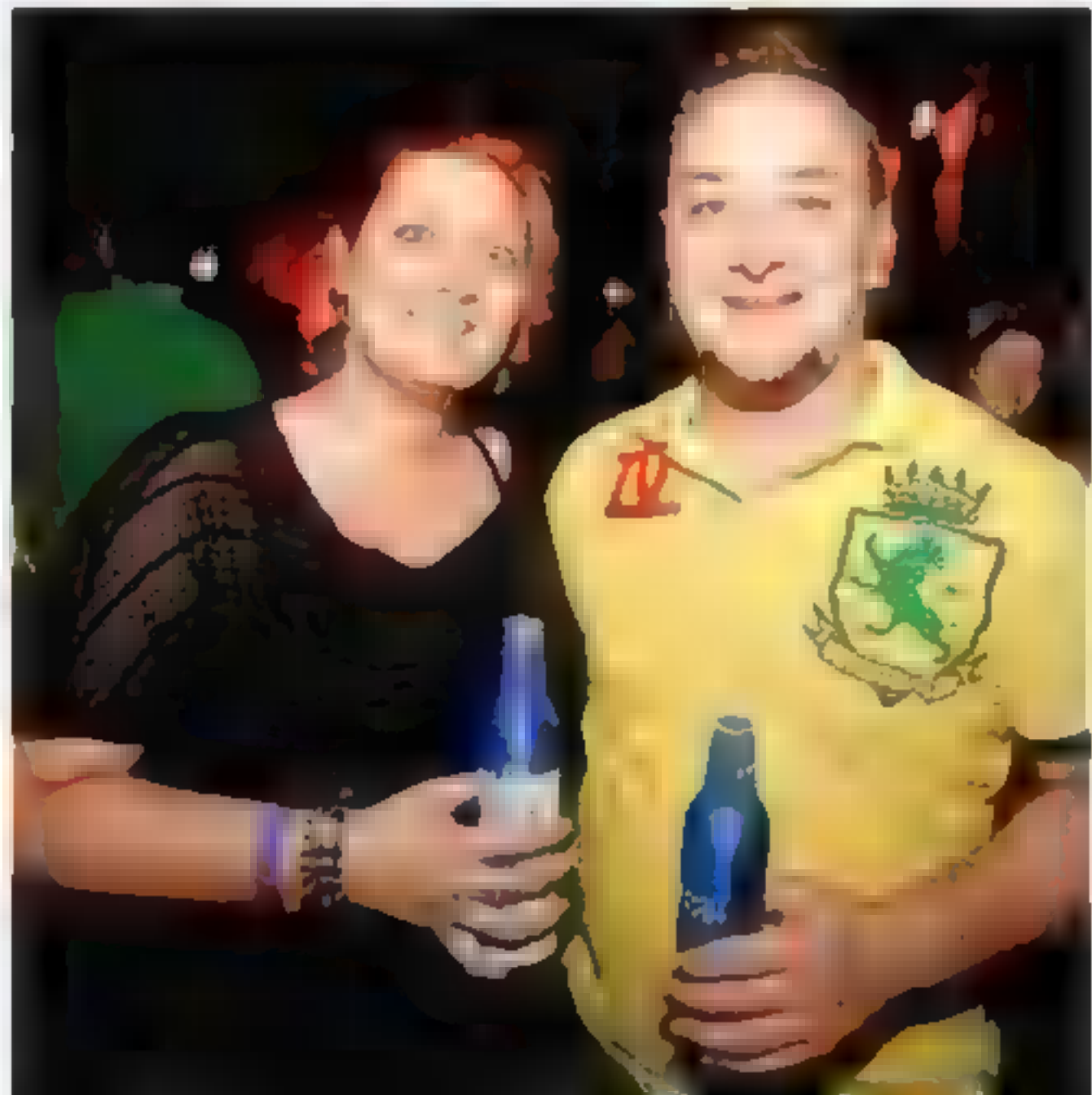
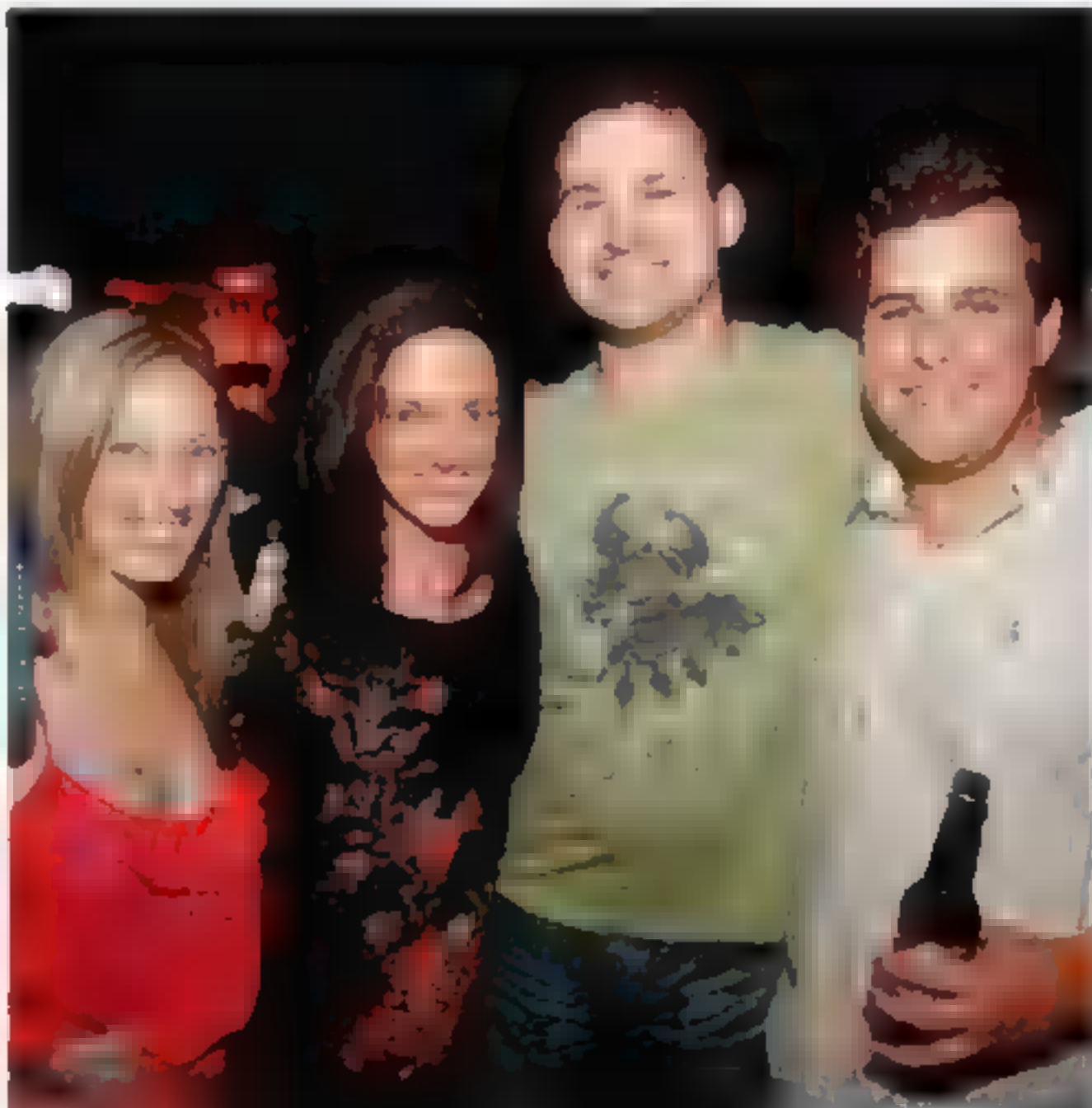
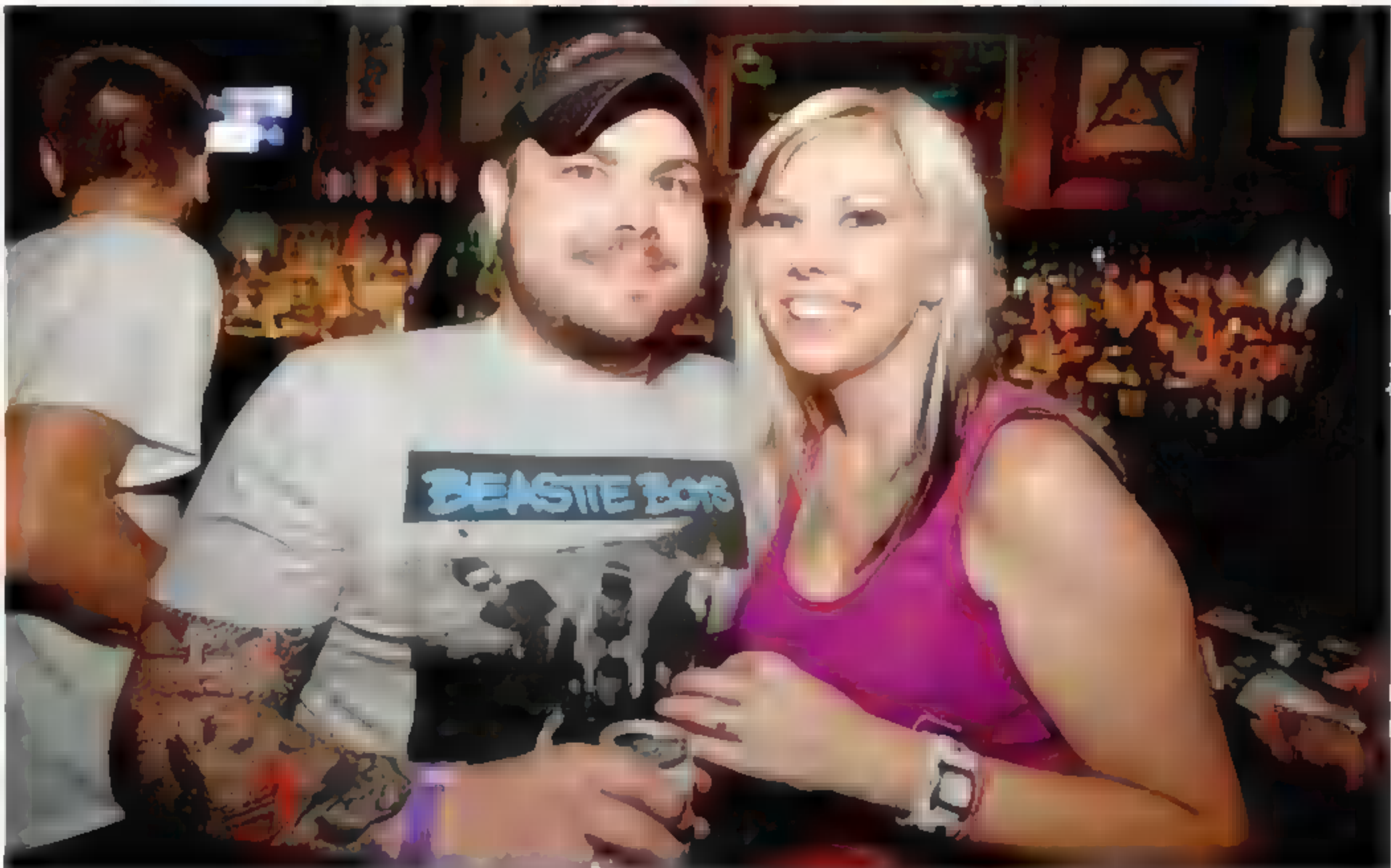
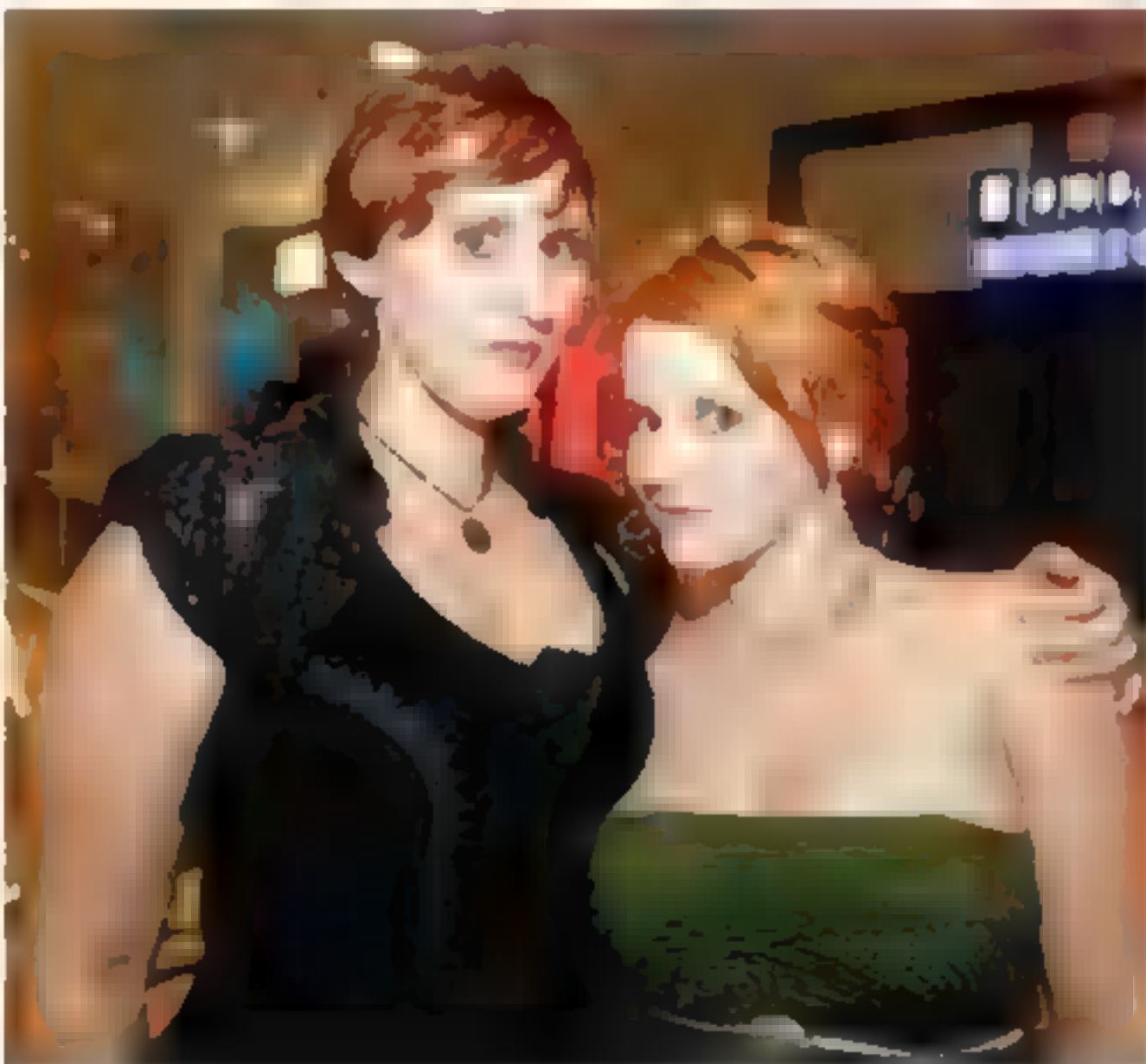
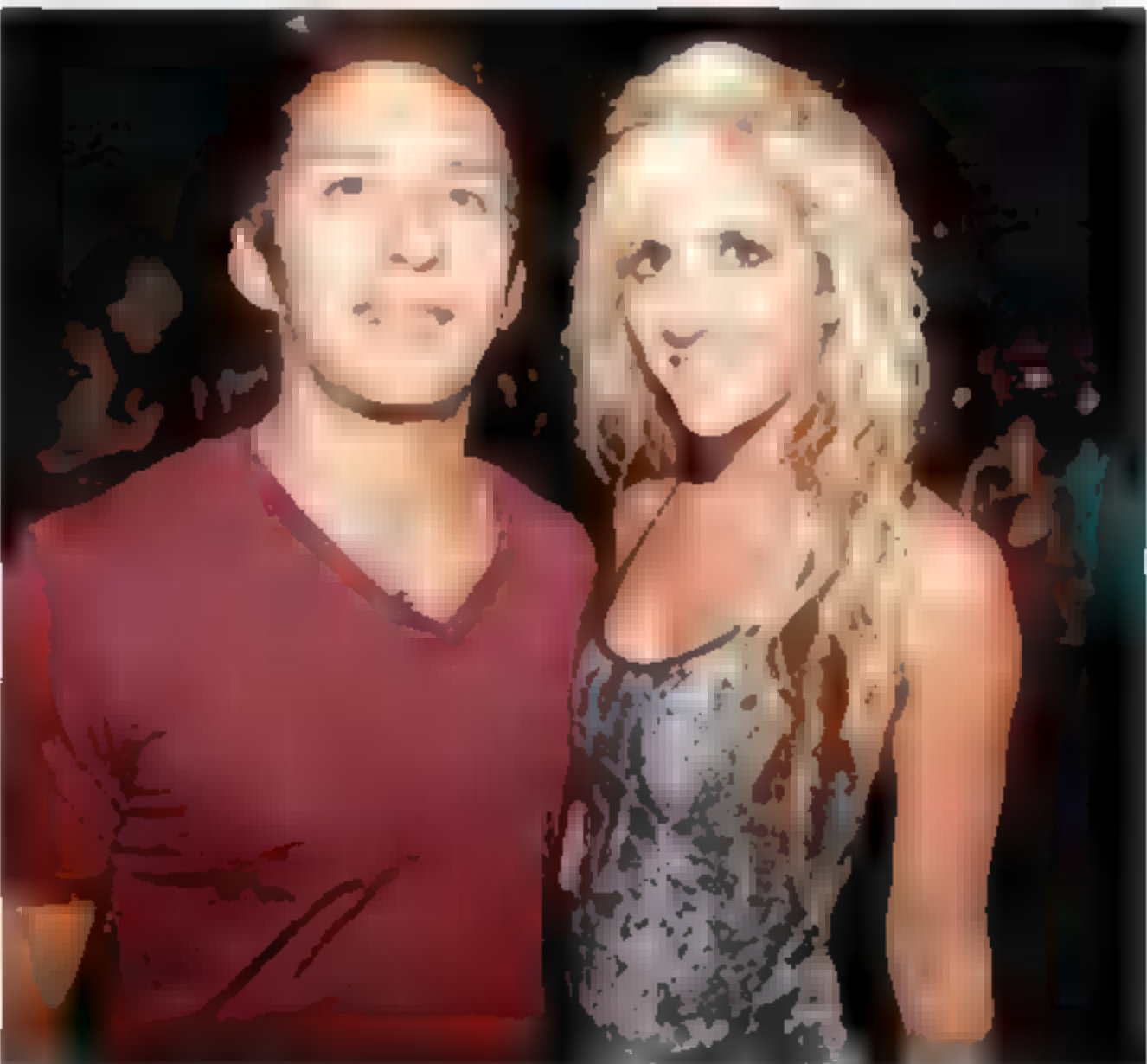


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PANIC! AT THE DISCO
 This wasn't no disco. The pop-punkers Panic! rocked the Rocket City at Houston's House of Blues. Almost all eyes in the joint were on the band but we dug the scene offstage where music and ink lovers threw up their "rock hands" and their tattoos. The encore electrified the crowd into a fever that they couldn't sweat out.
 For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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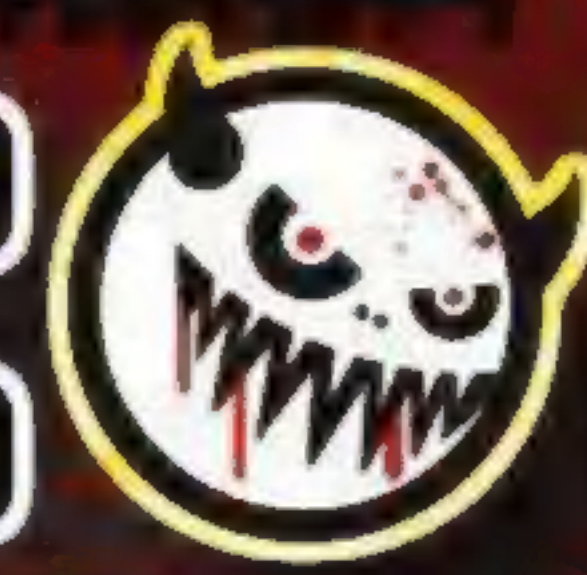
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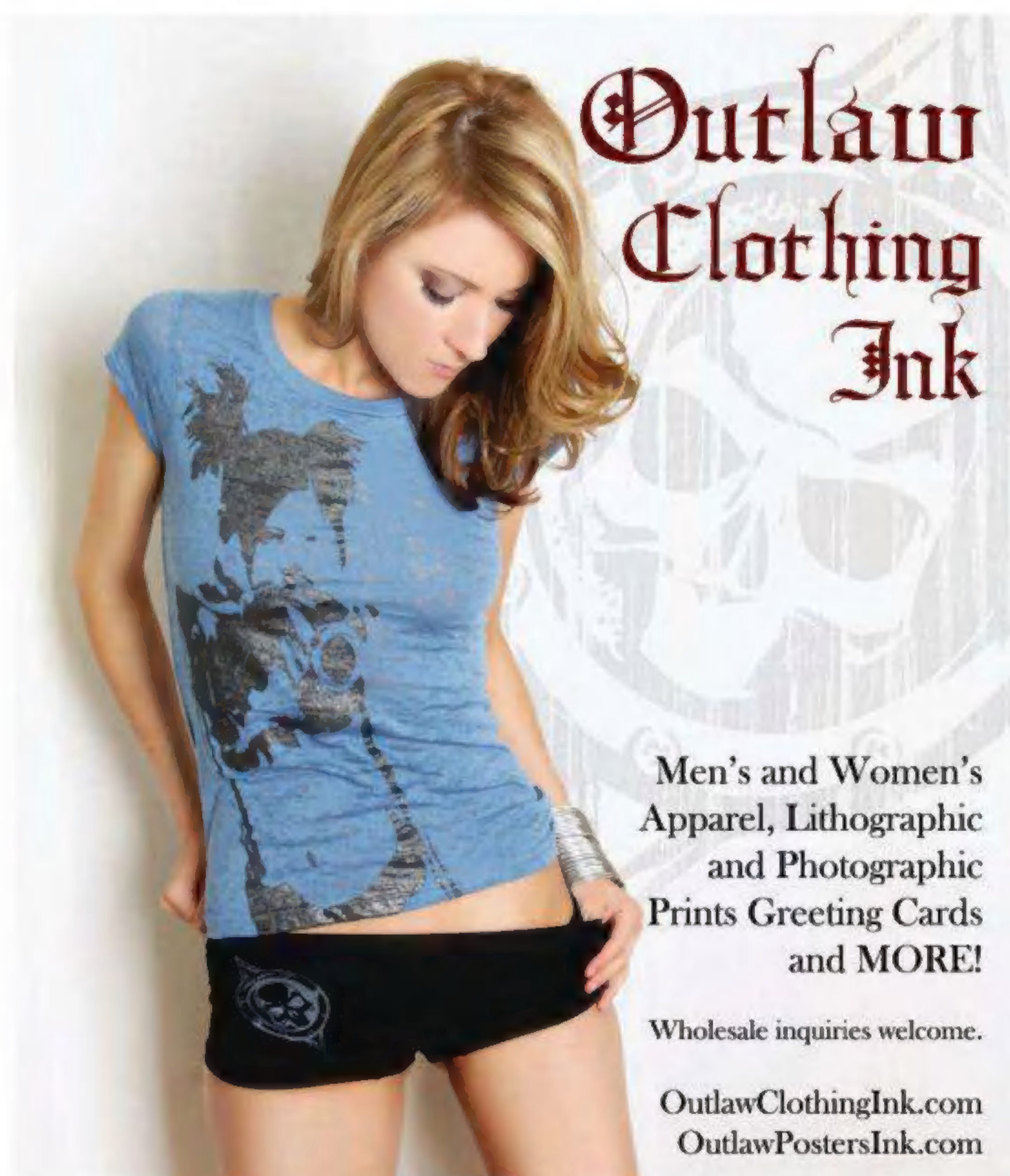
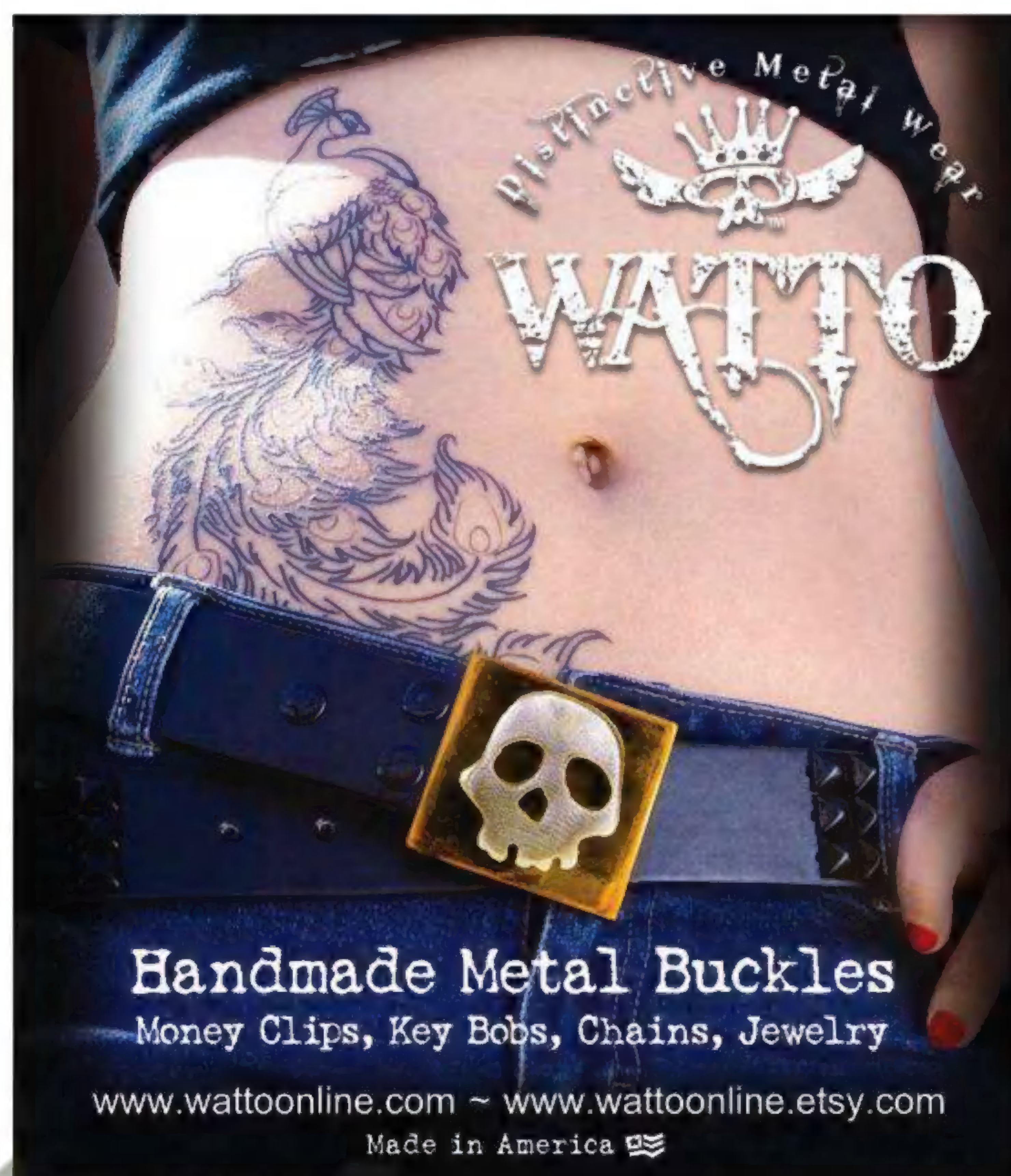
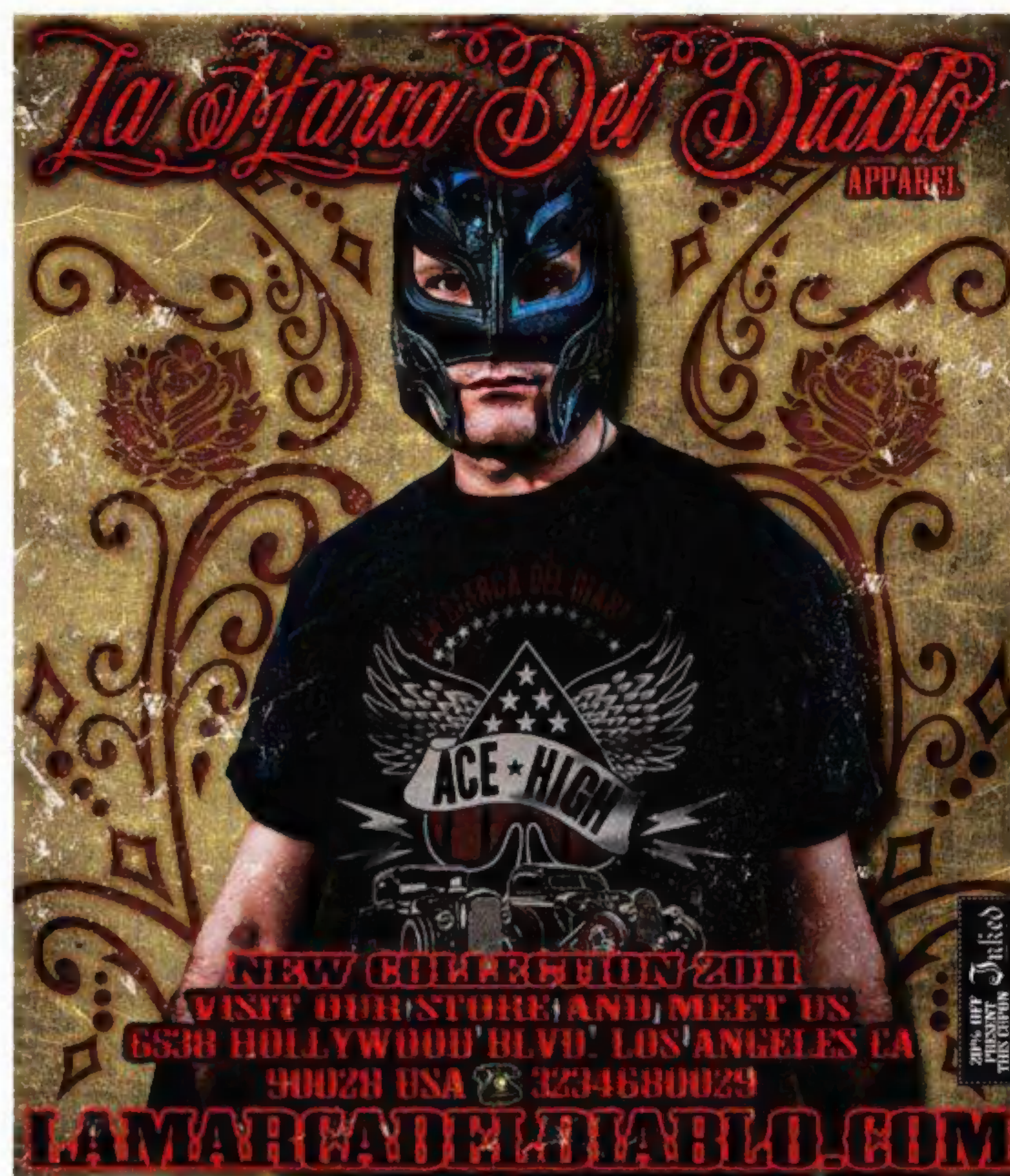


HUMOR IN INK

BY JOHN JAGUSAK



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JAVIER VALADEZ

The Ink Spot Tattoo Shop, 1718 East Valley Pkwy, Escondido, CA., theinkspottattooshop.com, metalmulisha.com

"I was into tattoo and graffiti-style art since I was in elementary school," Javier Valadez says. "Being a graffiti artist got me into the habit of writing and drawing on anything and everything. Tattooing intrigued me because it was permanent," he says of his artistic start. After apprenticing under Roy "Loy Loy" Leyva in California, Valadez knew that tattooing was the right path for him. "Tattoos give me a motivation and drive I don't get from any other medium. I feel that every piece has a purpose; it becomes a part of someone. It's not just up on a wall or stored in a sketchbook." Valadez also earns a paycheck by designing for the SoCal clothing company Metal Mulisha. "I design the baseball caps and some of the T-shirts, the majority of which are hand-drawn designs," he says. Asked what his last design—what he wishes for his tombstone—would be, Valadez says he isn't leaving without burning some rubber: "My tombstone would be a lowered 1950 Chevy pickup truck."

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